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IS ROOSEVELT AN ASSET OR A LIABILITY?

SEVEN years ago we pronounced Theodore Roosevelt the chief asset of the Republican party. He was then engaged in a struggle for supremacy with the oligarchy of the Senate, whose exercise of autocratic control on behalf of mercenaries had aroused grim resentment in the minds of the people. The dominant organization was distrusted because its leaders were discredited. From the smouldering fires of discontent there threatened to leap at any moment blazing flames of righteous anger. The party seemed to be doomed. Only the strongest imaginable counter-irritant could save it from its own subservience to specialized privilege. Fortunately or unfortunately, as one gauges what might have happened otherwise, the essential revivifying force appeared, like a meteor in the sky, in Theodore Roosevelt. It was as a force, such a force, that we proclaimed him the chief, if not indeed the sole remaining asset of the mighty body politic whose vitals had fallen victim to a mordant ulcer.

What follows is known of all. Guided by instinct so sure as to seem amazing and at times almost uncanny, stirred by innate daring so audacious as to make the highest courage seem insipid, unhampered by scruple as to method in fashioning achievements to satisfy clamor, the most venturous of beings of the present day touched, as with the rod of Moses, the rock from which there

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gushed a veritable geyser of popularity. The effect upon that ardent temperament was inevitable and irresistible. Himself became drunk from sense of power. Incalculable harm ensued from reckless acts and unconstrained mouthings. Dominance of the ego became absolute. He no longer interpreted the law. He was the law. He no longer expounded righteousness. He was righteousness incarnate. All men whose recollections differed from his were liars. All who disagreed were scoundrels. So it was then and so, we regret to say, after a full year of changing perspectives, relaxing concentrated mentality and resting jaded nerves, it is to-day. Such the force embodied in this Son—or should we say Child?—of Destiny.

For it is as a force, not as an individual, that we must continue to regard and reckon with Theodore Roosevelt. In no other way can accurate judgment be formed. Close touch with his captivating personality blinds the vision. Such another does not exist. It radiates joy. It infuses confidence. It implants faith. It inspires courage. It breathes an endowment of superhuman insight. Its self-judgment, whether pretended or real, no less than its self-appreciation, instills belief in unwonted sagacity. Its very prankishness is as fascinating as its exuberance is enlivening. Its lack of humor is forgotten in the presence of abounding wit. Suspicions of insincerity disappear like mists from the face of the ocean before the gales of a truculent spirit. Such is the nature of the man—devoid of sympathy, yet strong in self-sensibility—far from lovable, yet among the most likable now in evidence anywhere.

But the attributes of the individual are but parts of the composition. Underneath is a sense of fatalism, complemented by a veritable obsession for practical application. A certain Pilgrim Father expressed loudly his disdain of ordinary precautions. When his time should come he should die; then and not before. This was his theory. What, his practice? Invariably, when sallying forth, he bore a rifle, lest, as he remarked in response to a question implying inconsistency, he should meet an Indian, whose time had come. No man has admitted more frankly than Theodore Roosevelt his endowment of physical courage; and yet, as with the Pilgrim Father, a weapon of defence was kept at hand when as President he was facing multitudes, lest it might be another whose time had come. So in politics as in war, or time

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of possible danger, he is always armed, always ready and ever cautious. To say this is no disparagement. It is a mere indication of an odd blending of traits which are only seemingly adverse. In Roosevelt, contradictions are logical; else he would be as other men, and we should not now be considering him as a force for good or evil or as an asset contrasted with a liability.

So much for the atmosphere which envelops the personality. It need not have been depicted. It might have been ignored. So might backgrounds be eliminated from portraiture. So might foundations of buildings be left to the imagination. But, in attempting to conjecture what is to be, a glimpse at least should be taken of what has been and what is. None but a seer claiming supernatural vision would hazard speculation respecting the future unless somewhere among the pigeonholes of his brain he should hold information concerning the past. Even that most renowned of soothsayers which served the wizard of Abonotichus could not have drawn within its toils the Senators from Rome, but for the painstaking gleanings of the directive mind of its master.

To find the crux of energy is to bring its power within reach of the understanding. Theology has not yet solved the problem of creation. Science cannot place its finger upon the heart of radium. Happily, however, Roosevelt, the force, is not a riddle. None of the arts of the impressionist were utilized in his making. The outlines of his nature are no less distinct than the contour of his head or the rough draught of his body. He stands forth upon all occasions, sometimes to see, always to be seen, unabashed and unashamed, proud that God did make him thus. To some the figure seems heroic; to others, ludicrous. Behold the image of the idolator as portrayed with ruthless tenderness by an accompanying coadjutor in journalistic endeavor:

"The cumulative effect upon me of this extraordinary pilgrimage has been to give me a very distinct impression that the people, the political leaders, and the Governmental rulers of Europe recognize in Mr. Roosevelt a personification of the moral power of human nature, the power not merely to appreciate high ideals, but to put them into practical effect in every-day life. In addition, Mr. Roosevelt possesses great charm and attractivenes of person and of manner. It is difficult to say this in cold type; in paying a compliment even to a woman the man of tact and social skill prefers to do it in the form of allusion rather than of direct statement; but to explain the essential features of what may be said with-

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out exaggeration to be one of the most remarkable journeys of history it is necessary for the moment to abandon reserve and state the bald facts."

Those from whom tributes such as this evoke scoffing are persons of little understanding. The twaddle is sincere and, though the hearts from which it springs may be unduly susceptible, the feeling voiced is genuine. Moreover, the very guilelessness of such an utterance makes for exactitude. The paying of a subtle compliment, "even to a woman," "in the form of an allusion," would indeed become "the man of tact and social skill," but in dealing with Roosevelt it is "necessary," as our thoroughly informed commentator observes, "to abandon reserve and state the bald facts." Otherwise the recipient would be left in the dark. To such an one, artful or insinuating flattery is but an inexplicable mist. Encomium, to be rendered comprehensible, must be bestowed as with an axe.

Opposed to the unctuous adulator stands the irrational contemner—he who laughs to scorn what he regards as mere pretence, derides what he assumes to be chicanery, sneers at what he calls presumption, and groans at what he dubs vulgarity. Such are the extremes of view. And the means are small in number. Just as the object itself is rugged in outline and translucent in appearance, so are the judgments of those who behold and marvel. To the eyes of many the figure is white as snow; to the vision of others it is black as night. To few is accorded the privilege of perceiving the blending of the colors. Yet to them alone appears the truth, for here, as we have said, inconsistency wears proudly and successfully the garment of logic.

But enough of imaginative analysis! Let us return to prosaic accountancy. An asset or a liability? is the question. Two ledgers lay before us—one of the Republican party and the other of the people. Take the first and turn the pages. The figures at the bottom equalize. All that Roosevelt, the force, has been or is stands as an obligation to the party. Opposed is the very existence of the party itself, accredited to Roosevelt, the force. There is no surplus. There are no undivided profits. There are no old claims to be settled or adjusted. The account balances and is closed.

Time has come for a new reckoning. Turn the page and take the pen. Is Roosevelt a liability or an asset? Who can say?

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He fetches popularity sorely needed. He also brings confusion and distraction. He offers amazing power of effective appeal. In turn, he demands subserviency. He is willing, perforce, that for the time his own nominee shall continue to be President of the corporation, but he must be Chairman of the Board. The President as an official shall heed the by-laws, but he, the Chairman, must remain unfettered. The President shall safeguard the organization, but he, the Chairman, must be privileged ostentatiously to conspire with and furtively to aid and abet its enemies. He, the Chairman, must be the great judge—the final arbiter between President and directors on the one hand and recalcitrants on the other. He will be just and fair. The scales suspended from his strong right hand will be balanced as by a feather. Appeal from any decision that he may make, being unessential to considerations of equity, must never be taken. All must abide in faith in him *und Gott.*

These are the terms submitted by Theodore Roosevelt, the force, to the Republican party. They are compounded in the mortar of studied insults, which have been heaped upon the President of the Board, from the day on which its would-be Chairman arrived in Genoa and took to his bosom an employee whose virulent insubordination had necessitated his dismissal from the public service by the President himself. Subsequent happenings need not be recounted. All have been to the same effect. By implication as plain as it has been unvarying, he who proposes to become Chairman of the Board, with unlimited power and without official responsibility, has served notice upon the directors of the corporation that the cost of the popularity which he alone can put into its coffers is complete mastery, and in the doing thereof, to make his meaning unmistakable, he has brought humiliation to and heaped contumely upon the President whom he once pronounced and whom many still believe to be a noble man. A mighty asset to the Republican party or to any party is Roosevelt, the force. Is it worth the price? That is a question for the directors, conformably attired in either the garments of the proud, or in sackcloth and ashes, to decide. Far be it from us to intrude upon their partisan meditations.

But what of the people? How stands their account with Theodore Roosevelt? To his credit stands first the breaking of the power of the Senate oligarchy and the incitement of dis-

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content which has resulted in healthy revolt. That was a mighty service, performed perhaps unintentionally, but already become, no less on that account, definitely and permanently effective. The much-vaunted arousal of the public conscience may have been offset by the consequences of vicious appeals to class prejudice and envy, but the rescue of the nation from a gorged, yet hungry, clique can and should never be forgotten. Whether in this age of commercial competition with other countries the so-called injection of a higher morality into business, with the aid of a bludgeon, transcends in value to the human race the virtual estoppel, for a time, of material progress, is a question upon which minds cannot readily meet. It need not now be considered. Suffice it to say that if in fact great good was accomplished by glaring misrepresentation and venomous abuse of individuals, great harm also ensued and grave personal injustices were wrought. To recount the wrongs and injuries inflicted upon thousands of innocent persons by Theodore Roosevelt, striving under the cloak of high ideals and patriotic impulse, would be a task as futile now as it has ever been distasteful.

It is with a sense of relief that we turn from that seamy record of reckless and flagitious performance to the clean page of unvarying recognition and appreciation accredited to the people. Against them in reckoning the account lies not a single debit. Without stint or measure they have hailed and gloried in the force as a force for good and in no instance for evil. They have extenuated its shortcomings, palliated its offences, pardoned its iniquities. They have followed like sheep and cheered like goats when lambs, in common with wolves, were haled to the sacrifice. To this day, in the minds of millions, the king can do no wrong. Will the time ever come when a fatal misstep will give rise to the suspicion that "the beginning of his words is," indeed, "foolishness" and "the end of his talk is mischievous madness"?

But why speculate? The accounts for the time are closed and balance. Splendid as have been the honors ungrudgingly bestowed by the people upon Theodore Roosevelt, no less signal and valuable have been the services which he has rendered in return. How, then, shall the force be classified? As a liability, we should say unhesitatingly, of the Republican party. As an asset, we declare with no less certainty, of the people.

But what of the immediate situation? Is a struggle for mas-

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tery impending between the President and the self-appointed Chairman of the Board? Each to the other is under definite and lasting obligations, but that reckoning too may be considered ended. Each now stands upon his own pedestal and must of necessity uphold his own theories and sustain, in vital combat if need be, his own purposes. Neither as an individual can control his own actions. But recently Roosevelt, the man, declared that if a national election were to be held next November he undoubtedly would be the Republican candidate and would win. His personal desires would be negligible. Circumstances and conditions would dominate the situation, and his would be the rôle of a Son of Destiny.

So, on the other hand, conflicting emotions harass the patient, grateful and high-minded President. He may continue to love, or to think he loves, as often he has said, Roosevelt, the man. But he is dealing with Roosevelt, the force. Already members of his Cabinet feel that he has been betrayed and murmur in their bitterness. He cannot escape his responsibility to them and to those who have given their support cheerfully and unswervingly. He could not if he would, and it is not in his nature that he would if he could, reverse the policy which he has adopted as just and right. The Chairman, with all his agility and immunity from reprobation for contradictoriness, has advanced so far in the opposite direction that even he cannot retreat without admitting the sway of a craven spirit. Jovial personal greetings are to no purpose. A conflict is inevitable, although, in the end, when the one shall be saddened and the other sobered by defeat, it may not prove to be irrepressible.

Meanwhile, please God, as ever hitherto in a crisis of the Republic, a man will emerge from comparative political obscurity, capable of holding high the torch of personal liberty, that all the people may see the clear light and revert gladly to the pristine standard of individual and industrial progress which, despite temporary retrogression, continues to be the glory of the nation.

THE EDITOR.

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BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.—II.

BY LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

I turn now to the other side of the ledger, and inquire what is the return for these benefits that Great Britain has made to India, for it is by this test that she is likely to be judged by other nations. First, let us see what are the civil rights of the Indian who is a subject of the Crown. Though he hails from what is called a dependency, he has not only in India, but in the United Kingdom, the full rights of a British subject. If he comes to England he does not need to be naturalized; he is already a citizen of the Empire; he has only to acquire the necessary qualification in order to vote in the municipal and Parliamentary elections; he can even sit—he has sat—in the House of Commons; he can enter our universities; he can compete for that branch of the Indian Civil Service which is recruited by special examination in England; he can be made—he has been made—a member of the Council of the Secretary of State. His rights in the Colonies, or, as they are now called, the Overseas Dominions of the Crown, enjoying self-government, are a different matter. But in England there is no subtraction from his prerogatives. He is as much a British subject and a British citizen as the writer of this article. Even the subjects of native states in India, though they are not technically British subjects, are, for international purposes, in the same position as British subjects. In foreign countries they are entitled to the same measure of protection as though they were British subjects; and this protection is extended not only to the inhabitants of native states inside India, but to the subjects of border states, such as Nepal, which, though not incorporated in the Indian Empire, are yet in close political relations with our Government, and in a greater or less degree may be said to accept the suzerainty or protectorate of Great Britain.

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These are the privileges of the Indian outside India. Inside India we may divide the advantages which accrue to him, as we have already done on the other side of the balance-sheet, into material and moral. A summary of the material gains would be in reality a synopsis of the results of a century and a half of British rule in the Indian peninsula. Upon this aspect of the subject I will only not dilate because the facts are so easily accessible in many works. Where, before the English entered India, there were no made roads and few bridges, we have overspread the country with a network of roads and have spanned the rivers. We have constructed over 30,000 miles of railway, which in 1908-09 carried 330,000,000 of people. We have protected the coasts with lighthouses, and have created magnificent harbors and docks and wharves. Splendid public buildings adorn the principal cities. Great schemes of water-supply and sanitation are being extended to all the larger towns. The hospitals vie with those of Great Britain, and in point of scientific equipment are in some cases superior. The telegraphic and postal services are cheaper and offer advantages greater than those which we enjoy at home. Thousands of miles of desolate and uninhabited country have been reclaimed by irrigation works to the plough. I recall a vast area of millions of acres in the Punjab which, when first I visited India, was a howling waste, but is now green with waving crops, is studded with flourishing villages and towns, and supports a population that is numbered by millions. We have taken 240,000 square miles of country under the protection of the Forest Department to the great advantage both of the climate and (in respect of grazing and fire-wood) of the poorer population.

The main recurrent afflictions of India are famine and cholera and plague. Against these our forces are always mobilized; and although the fight is an unequal one, we may say of famine in particular that we have built up a system of famine relief that has rendered starvation well-nigh impossible and enormously reduced the mortality resulting from destitution and disease. A famine is now scarcity on a large scale combated by every resource of science, of accumulated experience and of unstinted means. A hundred years ago it was a horrible pandemonium of suffering, brutality and crime.

Further, we have passed in India a series of laws that would startle an English Parliament, for the protection of the peasant

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cultivator from the exactions of landlords or middlemen or usurers. Manufacturing industries have been started that give wages to nearly 1,000,000 people, of whom 400,000 are engaged in cotton and jute mills; half a million in addition are employed upon the railways alone. I have already given some indication of the immense expansion of Indian trade, but it would be the greatest mistake to suppose that this enriches the Englishman or the foreigner only. The Parsi merchant princes of Bombay tread closely upon the heels of their English rivals; and the Indian merchant is known in Shanghai and Osaka, in Zanzibar and Hamburg, as well as in Calcutta and Bombay. The greater part of the internal trade of India remains entirely in native hands. The Marwaris, or great trading caste of Rajputana, are encountered in almost every town and city of India, and every village has its local *bunia,* not uncommonly a well-to-do man, who combines the functions of local shopkeeper, grain merchant and money-lender.

If we look to the condition of the people, we find that they live in better houses than they did even a quarter of a century ago, enjoy more comforts and wear superior clothes; the taxation upon them is less than 1*s.* 9*d.* per head of the population, or, if land revenue (which is properly rent) is included, less than 3*s.* 3*d.*; a great system of local self-government, which does not very readily take root in Indian soil, has been extended to them; 750 municipalities containing 8,700 natives out of 10,000 members administer the affairs of 17,000,000 people and dispense an income of over £6,000,000; 1,100 local boards are charged with the management of village education, sanitation and civil works and dispose of an income of £4,000,000. A press has been given to India, the liberty of which would shock the most advanced European democracies. The civil and criminal law has been codified, and may compare with that of any Western country. The religion and literature and social customs of India find more scrupulous protectors in their British rulers than they would have done under any native *raj*. Above all, we have given to India the priceless boon of peace instead of war, settled life in place of anarchy, security in place of brigandage and rapine. I can find in no history or record the remotest justification for the belief, sedulously propagated by our critics, that before the arrival of the British, India enjoyed a Saturnian age, from which she

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has since receded. On the contrary, if we take the period when the Moghul dominion—the most powerful rule in the two preceding centuries—was at its zenith, we find from contemporary writers that while there was a thin crust of splendor at the top, below were dense layers of squalor and misery and suffering. Almost the sole surviving legacy of that epoch is the pathetic magnificence of palaces and temples and tombs.

I have previously spoken of the army as though it ought to be reckoned on the reverse side of the ledger. But clearly it might equally be contended that the conditions which I have described, and for the enjoyment of which the protection of the army is largely responsible, justify us in regarding it as a boon to India. Moreover, military service provides a congenial and well-paid occupation to thousands of Indians, many of them of good family and proud traditions who would otherwise lose their masculine character, rusting in idleness or rotting into decay. Nor should it be forgotten that the supply of so large a force as 74,000 British soldiers involves some sacrifice to England, since it renders recruiting more difficult at home.

About the navy there can be less dispute. The total charge upon Indian revenue for marine services is only £400,000 per annum. A further sum of £100,000 is paid annually to the Imperial Government towards the maintenance of the East India Squadron, and for the general services of His Majesty's ships. When we reflect that the whole of India's sea-borne trade is insured from risks by the British fleet, and that if there were no British navy India would have to protect a coast-line over 4,000 miles in length with her own, there can be little doubt that she is a substantial gainer by the transaction.

I have reserved as the last of the material benefits conferred upon India—because it is a subject of much controversy—the scope for the participation of Indians themselves in the government of their country. Upon no subject is there more widespread misunderstanding. The Englishman proceeding to India may expect to see his own countrymen everywhere, and, above all, in the offices and buildings of government, in the law courts and on the magisterial bench. As a matter of fact, except in the great cities, he will rarely come across an Englishman at all. I once visited a city of 80,000 people, in which there were only two official Englishmen, both of whom happened to be away.

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When we assumed the government of India, the native agency was so notoriously inefficient and corrupt that the British were obliged to take control of all branches of the administration. But ever since there has been a progressive reduction of the European and increase of the native element, until Indians now fill by far the greater number of the executive, magisterial and judicial posts, entire classes of appointments being reserved for them either by definite rule or by unbroken practice. Figures were published when I was in India which showed that out of 28,300 Government servants drawing more than £60 a year—a high salary in India—21,800 were Indian or Eurasian inhabitants of the country. Below that figure the Indians practically sweep the board, and I have seen the total number of Government employees in India given as 1,500,000 Indians to 10,000 Europeans.

It is, however, on the higher posts in the Government service, and more especially in executive offices (for on the judicial side Indians habitually rise to the highest rank and every high court and chief court in India has several Indians, both Hindu and Mohammedan, on its bench), that the ambitions of the Nationalist party in India are fixed. Their demands have recently met with a success greatly beyond even their own expectations in the concessions made to them by Lord Morley, which open to Indians some of the foremost places in the service. The justification of this confidence rests in their own hands. There is no difference on either side of politics as to the wisdom and necessity of a progressive increase in the employment of Indians in the administration of their country. No one would impose or defend a merely racial bar. The question at issue is rather, not what is the *maximum* number of offices that can safely be given to Indians, but what is the *minimum* number that must of necessity be reserved for Europeans. So long as British rule in India remains, and there is a consensus that it is absolutely indispensable, there must be a strong British *personnel* in the higher ranks of the administration. There are, further, a number of posts for which special knowledge and acquirements are needed, of which the supply in India is still deficient, or whose native subordinates require the stimulus of European control. Consistently with these principles the desire will be, so far as possible, to extend the area of Indian employment.

Once again, however, I am disposed to attach far more weight

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to the benefits conferred by England upon India in the moral and intellectual than in the purely material spheres. Trade and industries, justice and good government, peace and security, wages and employment, are an incalculable blessing to a people who before our arrival suffered from the triple scourge of robbery, indigence and oppression. But they do not represent the whole or the best of our service to the Indian community. Our highest claim to their gratitude is that we have educated their character and emancipated their intelligence. All that is best in their thought and writings, the rising standards of morality, the gradual reduction of venality and superstition, even the dawn of a national spirit—all of these have been fostered by the education which, with perhaps imperfect discrimination but with whole-hearted sincerity, we have placed at their disposal.

The instruments of Western civilization have lent a powerful, though sometimes unconscious, aid to this process. Railways and steamboats have not only bridged distances and helped to relieve distress, but they have broken down the barriers that separated races and communities and castes, and have exerted a unifying influence not merely in the interest of the rulers, but upon the ruled. Cables and telegraphs have brought the news of foreign incidents in Russia, in Persia, in Turkey and in Japan, and they have facilitated common thought and common action in India. English law has supplied a meeting-ground on which East and West could adjust relations that play a large part in the life of the Indian. English writings, taught in all the schools and colleges, have been absorbed with astonishing alacrity by intellects less gifted for research than for assimilation. Beyond any other cause the English language (although it is still spoken and written only by about half a million out of 300 millions, including the European and Eurasian communities) fills, among the educated population, much the same rôle as did Latin in the Europe of the Middle Ages, and has proved the solvent of venerable prejudices and the astringent of new and patriotic emotions. The paradoxical point has even been attained that it is to the Englishman that India has to look for the preservation of her vernaculars. Any attempt to revive or enforce their study at the expense of English is viewed with intense suspicion by the advanced Indian party as an attempt to rob them of their newly won patrimony. The proceedings at the annual Congress meet-

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ings are conducted in English, and I have even read of a speaker who commenced a speech in Hindustani being howled down.

These symptoms are not all or wholly good. Many foolish things are written and said in India. Many vain aspirations are kindled, much yeasty sentiment is evolved. We have not rendered the task of the rulers more easy by consolidating the ruled and feeding their minds on a Western diet. But, at least, we have raised entire sections of the community from torpor to life, and have lifted India on to a higher moral plane. It is too early to say whether the eagle will one day be transfixed by the dart that is feathered with its own wing.

Let me here at once confess that the picture which I have drawn is not one which the extreme Nationalist in India would accept, any more than the Irish Nationalist would endorse the views of Whig or Tory about Ireland. While allowing that his countrymen have benefited greatly by the influence of Western thought and ideals, the Indian Radical believes, or affects to believe, that his country is the worse for British dominion. He argues that attachment to any foreign masters is *ipso facto* impossible, and that the only loyalty of true Indians is to themselves. He depicts India as held by the English for purposes of commercial and selfish exploitation; he asks why any or every post should not be open to him in the administration of his country. He points to the excise duty on Indian cotton manufactures as having been imposed exclusively in the interests of Lancashire—as indeed it was. He complains that the highest officer in the native army can never rise to a rank which will allow him to give orders to the youngest British subaltern. He declares that the Indian army is kept to fight British battles; he protests that the revenues of the country are exhausted in the discharge of foreign obligations; and, when challenged about the place of India in the Empire, he replies that the Empire is nothing to him, since it cannot insure for the Indian his rights as a British subject in Australia, or British Columbia, or the Transvaal.

Many of these charges ignore the elementary fact that the rule of India is still, and must for as long as we can foresee remain, in British hands; some of them rest on transparent fallacies or absurd paradoxes which my previous remarks have already refuted. But there are at least two among them so per-

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sistently repeated that I must devote a word to their examination. I refer to the popular charge of the so-called "Drain," and to the action of certain of our Colonies in refusing admission to, or imposing harsh restrictions upon, the Indian settler.

The "Drain" argument is the familiar contention that England takes away from India annually a sum of money amounting to many millions sterling, which impoverishes the country, and is even called the "Tribute" by extreme partisans. The total of this alleged drain is variously estimated according to the basis of calculation adopted by the critic; but it is commonly stated as the excess of exports over imports, which is the means by which a debtor country like India discharges its obligations and maintains the balance of trade. Economically this test is quite fallacious. We have only to look to the experience of the South-American States—such as Argentina, Chile and Brazil—where the exports habitually exceed the imports, to realize that such a condition is no proof of economic exhaustion; while in the richest country in the world, America, the value of the exports for long exceeded the imports by an average of over £100,000,000 per annum.

The fallacy of the reasoning may, however, be even more clearly exposed by examining the nature of the Home Charges, which are responsible for about three-fourths of the so-called drain, and by far the greater part of which are admittedly payments for services rendered or goods received. For instance, the interest on the Public-Works Debt is the price paid by India for the capital that has been raised in England for the construction of railways and canals, and advanced at a rate of interest most moderate, and far lower than could have been obtained in India itself. Further, this interest is more than met by the earnings of the works, which return a handsome profit, and it is therefore no loss at all. Again, the interest on debts incurred by former wars is the payment that India makes for the peace and security from invasion that she now enjoys, and for the consolidation of the Empire, in precisely the same way as Great Britain continues to pay interest on the cost of the Napoleonic, the Crimean or the South-African Wars. The next item is the payment of leave allowances to Anglo-Indian officers on furlough, and their pensions (largely, by the way, contributed by themselves) when they have retired. The explanation is simple. As

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long as India requires a modicum—it is only a modicum—of British officers to conduct its administration, the attractions held out to them, including an occasional visit to England, must be such as to induce a high class of men to enter the service; and if they were not granted pensions on retirement, their pay in India would have to be proportionately raised. Indeed, the absurdity of the contention could not be better illustrated than by the assumption that while the salaries paid in India are legitimate and do not constitute a drain, that portion of them which happens to be paid in England is a tribute. Of course the entire pay is on exactly the same footing, and it is wholly immaterial through what bank it is disbursed. Then there is the cost of the India Office, which may or may not be run on an economical scale, but as to which it is obvious that there must be such an institution in England. There are also the home charges for the British troops in India, which could only be dispensed with by dispensing with the troops and the cost of military and other stores, rails, engines, and so forth. These must be bought outside of India so long as India, which is happily becoming more self-providing in these respects, is unable to manufacture them itself. The above are the items that compose the home charges, and are mainly responsible for the so-called tribute. And finally—a perennial source of attack— there are the private remittances made to England, either in respect of the savings of officials, or the profits of British traders and merchants engaged in such industries as tea-planting, factories or mines. To treat these remittances as an economic loss is to apply a law to India which is accepted in no other country in the world. The profits of the business are the property of the owner to do with as he pleases, and it has never occurred to any human being that the foreign investor who derives profit from American cattle ranches or South-African gold-mines is thereby robbing the United States or the Transvaal. On the contrary, the capital which the British merchant has supplied to India is a net gain to the country in the resources developed, the consumption created, the labor employed and the wages paid.

No doubt India would be better off if she had been able to find this capital herself. She possesses it in abundance, for the hoarded wealth in the country is estimated at a minimum of £350,000,000. But so long as she hides it underground, or hangs

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it in jewelry on the limbs of women, or spends it in festivals and litigation, she has no cause to complain. On the contrary, she ought to be grateful that foreign capital is forthcoming to supply the place of her own ignorance or timidity, and the wealth that leaves the country in payment for the boon is not more lost (in fact, a good deal of it comes back in fresh capital) than that which remains in the country, concealed or unproductive.

The "Drain" argument is, however, only seen in its full absurdity when applied to Indian railways. These have been an almost incalculable blessing to India in cheapening the cost of transport, in preventing or relieving famine, and thereby in saving life, in mitigating the congestion of population, in providing for the rapid concentration of troops, and thus enabling a much larger garrison to be dispensed with, and securing the tranquillity of the country, and in adding to the convenience, as well as promoting the unity, of millions. And yet, because the capital to construct these lines had to be imported from England, it is actually argued that the sums paid by India in interest and sinking-fund on these advances, which will ultimately wipe out a large portion of them, and leave India in possession of a magnificent property, are impoverishing the country and constitute a "tribute" to the foreigner! Perversity could not further go; and the situation may be summed up in the remark that in order to justify the charge political economy has to reverse all its canons, and what is a source of advantage to other countries becomes an injury when applied to India alone.

The second charge relates to the exclusion of natives of India from other parts of the Empire, sometimes by direct prohibition, sometimes by laws imposing tests, educational, linguistic or otherwise, which the Indian finds it well-nigh impossible to satisfy. These conditions apply in varying degrees in Australia, in Canada and in the South-African States; and they represent a phase of Colonial opinion and an aspect of Imperial politics which are neither fortuitous nor transient, but are likely, as time passes, to stiffen into harder forms. Both the advocate of Indian rights and the champion of Imperial unity protest against these restrictions as a negation of the Imperial conception; and a denial of the rights which ought to be enjoyed everywhere in the Empire by every subject of the King. In theory this argument is unimpeachable, but in practice it is incapable of being sustained.

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The common rights of British citizenship cannot be held to override the rights of self-protection conceded to the self-governing communities of whom the British Empire is now so largely composed. They rest upon the postulate that the units composing the Empire are so equal in character and claim that what is granted to one in one place cannot be withheld from another in another. But in practice this is not the case. There is a difference between the standards of living, the economic aptitudes and the social and moral conceptions of Asiatic races and of communities of European origin which, at any rate in the present stage of national evolution, is fundamental, and which no abstract reasoning can bridge. Just as the Indians are beginning to recognize in a greater degree the spirit of nationality themselves, so that spirit cannot be denied to the proud and expanding offshoots of the British race; and where there have been granted to the latter the rights of self-government it is hopeless to expect an attitude of pure altruism on their part.

The Colonial standpoint is not primarily or designedly racial, though, of course, it is represented as such. It is partly economic (the colonists objecting to the competition of cheaper labor) and partly sentimental, since they are averse from the permanent introduction into the territories which they have won and are endeavoring to develop as white men's lands, of an element which shares neither their habits nor their ideals. I think, therefore, that the Indian grievance in this respect is not a substantial one; and I doubt if much attention would be paid to it in India, where native politicians do not spend much thought on the laboring classes, were it not a convenient peg upon which to hang a larger agitation.

So much for the general charges against British rule in India.

My own view is that, while the bulk of them are quite unreasonable and rest upon gross misconception, we should do all that we can to remove any ground, if such there be, for their continued existence, and should guard diligently against their multiplication. The advantage of the union to both parties is so great and striking that we cannot afford to let its merits be obscured by carelessness or misunderstanding. British Governments, and even Secretaries of State, should be mindful, as they have the giant's strength, not to use it tyrannously, but to be very scrupulous in any conflict of interest. The contented in-

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corporation of India in the Empire depends upon her feeling that the Empire is impartial as well as strong, and that she herself profits by the bargain.

Viewing the subject as a whole, the question may be asked whether there is or is not in India a genuine loyalty to British rule. The answer to the question is not easy, for the simple reason that on no subject, and least of all one of popular sentiment, is it possible to find a formula that will cover the mental attitude of 300 millions of people. The Princes of India are enthusiastically attached to the British connection, partly because they have always been accustomed to recognize a sovereign authority (the Moghul was not less foreign to the majority of them than ourselves), and partly because they recognize in the British Crown the sole durable guarantee of their security and rights. The educated classes are divided between recognition of the paramount necessity of the British overlordship to keep the peace and assure the progress of India, and a surrender to the appeals of Indian nationality and patriotism. A small section is incurably disloyal and hostile. The masses of the people, except when they are carried off their feet by waves of superstitious excitement or racial frenzy, are disposed to be loyal to any master who will insure them food and wages. Perhaps the one form of loyalty in which all would join is loyalty to the person of the Sovereign: a result not merely of the Eastern taste for personal rule and belief in the exalted attributes of the Crown, but also of the impression produced upon India by the virtues and sympathy of the late Queen Victoria, the character of the late King and by the visit of the then Prince and Princess of Wales.

But perhaps the question may be asked, How, then, does it come about that so marked a seditious and anarchical movement has been manifest in India in recent years? The answer, I think, is twofold. The Indian movement is a part of that uprising of natural sentiment in favor of self-governing institutions which has run like a tide throughout the East ever since the victory of Japan over Russia, and has been equally visible in China, India, Persia, Turkey, Russia and Egypt. In India it takes the form not merely of a demand for a greater share in the government of the country and for some approach to Parliamentary institutions, but in its cruder and more violent shapes appealing to ill-balanced intellect, fed upon the rhetoric of an hitherto uncontrolled press,

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of attacks upon the instruments of an alien rule culminating in the assassination or attempted assassination of high officials of the Government—often (such is the unreasoning fatuity of the perpetrators) of those who have been most conspicuous for their service to the native cause. A second reason has been the general belief that there has been some lack of firmness and consistency in the policy of the Government, which has attempted the difficult and well-nigh impossible task of running conciliation and repression, so to speak, in double harness, with the result that the coercion has usually been too late to frighten and the conciliation too fortified to appease.

Times of trouble undoubtedly lie before the British Government in India, as they do before any Western Government attempting to rule an Eastern people upon Western lines. If the objection be raised that the obvious alternative is to rule them upon Eastern lines, the answer is that the people will not have it themselves, and that, having drunk from Western phials, they decline to have any other beverage. It is too late, in fact, to change the prescription. In these circumstances those nations who, like Britain, have accepted the responsibility cannot now evade it. They must pursue their allotted furrow without repining, and with a sober self-reliance to the end, uncertain what that end may be, but conscious that the highest duty forbids them to take their hand from the plough and that weakness or abdication now can only lead to irreparable disaster later on. In a sense there is a greater demand for statesmanship than there was in the days of military conquest and almost unresisted acquisition. To guide the newly born aspirators of India into prudent channels, to convince her that she gains not less than Great Britain by the Imperial partnership; to improve her agriculture (the staple employment of nearly ninety per cent. of the population), to develop her industries, to encourage her manufactures, to foster co-operation and self-help among the people; above all, to regard the administration of India as still the supreme touchstone of British character, just as it is the noblest of British achievements—this is England's present and future task; it will be enough to occupy the best character and energies that she can produce for as long a span of the future as it is humanly possible to forecast.

CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

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WHAT THE WORKING-MEN WANT.

BY PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

In the United States the lines are becoming more closely drawn between individualism and socialism; the fears of capital are more evident; the convictions of socialists more confident. Several moneyed organizations, as well as weighty personalities, are now entering the field openly or secretly against socialism. Eminent ecclesiastics have just organized a militant anti-socialistic union.

IS NOT A FIGHT IN AMERICA AGAINST SOCIALISM A MISTAKE?

Is not this marshalling of forces hasty and injudicious? Does a lining up of capitalists against socialists show a sufficient understanding of socialism and of democracy? Millionaires who band together to fight socialism certainly do not appear to appreciate their own power. Whatever socialism is, socialists are for the most part unsuccessful folk or they are dreamers or philanthropists—people with a lot of imagination, pity, liking for mankind. Wealth is so powerful that, if it consulted its dignity, it would be negligent of such critics. Through control of the institutional side of life, it can put a stop to their voices when it will, and so can afford to listen long to discover if they speak truth or falsehood.

> "The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
> And is not careful what they mean thereby,
> Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
> He can at pleasure stint their melody."

An appeal of our times—not drawn from the field of ethics, but from the hunting field, or wherever chance and danger may be faced for the sheer sake of audacious combat—is, "Be a Sport!"

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What a large opportunity lies open to the sportsman in social controversy! Sympathetic attention paid the poor man's view of life by rich men would be the "sportiest" of propositions. Their generosity towards the weak, their confidence in reason and justice, their support of free discussion, their wager of power and wealth upon the result,—in short, their courage would excite our admiration. College athletics and expensive sports, on sea and land, seem fruitless, if the sportsman when confronted by human problems is thrown into a panic and will not give his opponent a chance; but silences him, starves him, sand-bags him.

Socialism, however erroneous, is a serious and enthusiastic attempt to solve our economic problems. Sydney Brooks calls the "Labor Question" one of "insoluble conundrums." Let us Yankees try to "guess" them. Our attack, therefore, had better be made upon the problem itself or upon those who are indifferent to it. Mr. Taft is wrong. Socialism is not our greatest problem. The economic conditions that worry socialists and many anti-socialists are our greatest problem—namely, the anomaly of a democratic State and an absolutist industrial system living together.

Conspicuous opposition to socialism contributes to the very method by which socialism claims it will triumph. By making more clean-cut their differences and by forcing into opposing ranks socialists and non-socialists the "*Class Struggle*" is accentuated and promoted, which Marx and his followers prophesy will produce the disruption of society—"the social revolution"—and clear the way for a socialistic State.

The Sunday-night after-meetings at the Church of the Ascension furnish a sort of sociological exhibit where the human and up-to-date status of a social question can be studied.

Socialists whom I hear, do not itch to lay hands upon other people's property or to reduce everybody to a dead level of pay. They want what most men want—working and living conditions favorable to good health, opportunities for their children, room for culture, leisure for the enjoyment of music, art, nature. Our problem, then, is not how to fight an "ism"—"socialism"—but how to arrange matters so as to give poor men and women more of what we all hunger for—the joy of life.

The socialists whom I know are mild in their demands. They wish to be sure of work, and they hope for such an organization

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of industry in the future, that their children may be sure of work. They do not ask to be supported by anybody's labor except their own, or to have their children supported by anybody's labor except *their* own.

The new order of things, if it come, will not be produced by socialists, but by their foes. "Class struggle," "surplus values," "the economic interpretation of history," are not the charmed words that will open the door to a lovelier industrial future. So, in fighting socialism, the conservative classes are facing in the wrong direction. Their enemies are of their own household. Current legislation indicates the lines of future advances—what might be called the liquidation of privilege. Public Service Commissions, Rates Commissions, Corporation Tax Laws, and not socialistic platforms will for a long time be responsible for our economic reforms.

Socialists when they deal with political programmes ask, in their simplicity, for such revolutionary changes that they frighten the average citizen, whether capitalist or wage-earner, and for this reason they cannot secure an overwhelming following. They are firing at a target so far away that they cannot hit it. But while socialists are absorbed in this harmless game of long distance and ineffective firing, our statesmen of practical sagacity and popular instincts will, by close range and effective shots, weaken monopoly and privilege.

For instance, the limitation and even the public ownership of capital is coming, not through socialism, but up these steps—competition, monopoly, public regulation. When under competition the highest profits are at last secured by trusts and pools, which practically destroy competition, then the next move by the consumer is to control by law the rates and prices of such combinations of capital. But publicly *controlled* capital will have a tendency to become publicly *owned,* because investors will fight shy of an increased public control of property with a reduction of profits and will not buy the securities. This tendency is already seen in some public utilities.

Again, the fight is not between socialism and individualism, as recent prospectuses announce. Socialism is a new form of individualism. It proposes, under the difficult conditions of modern industrialism, to give just what Jeffersonianism supposed it gave when most Americans were farmers—an equal chance to

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individuals. Socialists want to make the Government an umpire who will see that every one has a fair chance; only, to prevent the umpire from being biased by evil influences, socialists propose to make the umpire more powerful than the influences.

The one point to which the socialistic criticism of the present industrial *régime* continually returns, is that of the wage-earner's industrial helplessness,—now that he must secure the consent of the owner of machinery and of tools before he can have work or wages. The wage-earner is called "a proletarian," "a child of the abyss," "a wage-slave." The socialistic outcry is largely the human insistence upon individual importance and individual value in the face of this modern industrial helplessness.

Many visionaries call themselves socialists because they believe there is much misery, ignorance and injustice that can readily be remedied. These persons are not theoretical socialists, not Marxians, but keen well-wishers to humanity, who are convinced that life needs to be rationalized and who are warmed by the intensity, comradeship and hopefulness of socialism. But, if there were a thoroughgoing fight made against socialism, these persons would be liable to join the socialist party.

Many writers and professional men confess to each other that they are socialists at heart. Would it be wise to drive them to the necessity of absolute definition?

Many clerks, even business men who have made their money in slow and conservative fashion, are more sympathetic with the complaints and cures of socialism than trust magnates and high financiers imagine, and ought not, by a still greater sympathy with the "under dog," to be turned over bodily to the socialist party.

Then there are the thousands of intellectual young men, college graduates, observant, travelled, kept out of pulpits by distrusted creeds, whom we ought not to throw into further revolt. They contemplate our social wilderness with as much confident strength as a pioneer contemplated the forests that were to yield a place for his home and fields of corn. These young men can live on little; they despise social ambition; they cannot be frightened, and they ransack the world for sociological facts. You meet them at settlement-houses, upon philanthropic committees, in the Capitol at Albany opposing bills injurious to dwellers in tenement houses, in meetings where speakers say what they think, often

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in missions and parish houses where there is practical work done for the poor. These youths seem always to be singing Whitman's hymn:

"Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!"

Again, why fight socialism, when we discover, wherever radicalism comes into power, no alarming transformation, but conservative and generally approved results. John Burns, in England, Briand in France, and the Mayor of Milwaukee, all point this moral. Of Emil Seidel, the Socialist Mayor of Milwaukee, the "New York Evening Post" of July 11th says: "Scarcely a day passes that he does not do some sensible thing in a simple way that no one had thought of before."

DISLOYALTY AND INGRATITUDE ARE TO-DAY THE CHARACERISTICS OF THE WORKING-CLASSES AS EXPERIENCED BY THEIR EMPLOYERS.

The newspaper-reading public and conservative business men when confronted by the labor problem are often confused by the behavior of working-men toward employers famous for their kindness. During the Pullman strike, it was hard for the public to understand how the employees of the Pullman Company could be so hostile and could commit acts of violence. Had not Mr. Pullman given them an ideal town to live in, all at his own expense?

A like wonderment beheld the strike of the National Cash Register employees, at Dayton, Ohio, where John H. Patterson and his associates had done everything they could think of to make the inside and the outside of their factories attractive, and to brighten and enrich the lives of their employees; where the employers were as proud of their services to their employees and to the community as they were proud of their business success—employers who almost broke their hearts over the ingratitude of their work-people.

Similar cases are so numerous that a recent writer, J. Thayer Lincoln, a distinguished graduate of Harvard, a sympathizer with working-men, whom he knows, both as a manufacturer and as a philanthropist, has made the deliberate statement, without

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bitterness, but the result of observation, that the better the employer treats his hands the worse his hands treat him.

The working-man is certainly ungrateful, and ingratitude is that fault in the poor which philanthropists can least endure. Among religious and philanthropic workers there is a constant secession, because they do not find gratitude among their needy beneficiaries.

Gratitude is not a test of beneficence and ought not to be expected. It puts the giver upon a pedestal and the recipient upon his knees. Even great natures do not easily discover gratitude among their virtues. Goethe found gratitude so difficult that, when he was a young man, he cultivated it by special exercise. Seated in his room, he called before his mind friends and relatives who had given him the objects his eyes beheld, and thereupon he mentally thanked them. Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds became friends over the discovery of their mutual antipathy to gratitude. In a house where they were both calling and met for the first time, a lady of the company continually bemoaned the death of a friend. "At any rate, madam," broke in Sir Joshua, "you have been relieved of a burden of gratitude." It was this astute reading of human nature by the painter that won Dr. Johnson.

Ingratitude is as frequent among the needy as among working-men. A common explanation fits both cases: More than two thousand years ago Aristotle read the philanthropist's riddle when he pointed out that gratitude is less keen than benevolence, because it is more agreeable to give than to receive. The benefactor enjoys himself more than the beneficiary.*

But a more economic and personal explanation of the working-man's ingratitude can be found. The working-man's great complaint to-day is his helplessness, and it is perfectly clear that whatever increases this sense of helplessness will really increase his outcry. Working-men don't like to have things done for them. The more that is done for them the more they feel in the power of the person who is responsible even for their benefits.

Paradoxically enough, whatever the man of power, the capitalist, the employer does, out of a good heart or philanthropic intent, or even from shrewd business perception, to alleviate, as he supposes, the hardships of his working-people,—by good tenements,

* Ethics, Bk. IX, Ch. VII.

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by kindergartens, by factory luncheon-rooms, by lectures, garden villages, etc., etc., etc.,—he is, as a matter of fact, making his working-men feel their dependence, with the result that some of the most serious explosions of indignation have taken place amid the fairest environment that can surround the conditions of toil.

There is another reason for the working-man's ingratitude to his employer. Working-men say that if the company can afford all these extras, these adornments and additions to the comfort of their people, then it can afford to pay higher salaries. Of the two methods of distributing a surplus, the working-man prefers the latter. He would rather take his chances in an ordinary factory with higher wages and use the addition to his income as he pleases.

In other words, the working-man realizes, or, at any rate, asserts, that he himself is paying for the improved tenements, for the parks, for the libraries, for the comforts and conveniences of the superior factories, for kindergartens, for lessons in cooking, for lectures, for flower-gardens, for flower-boxes outside the windows, etc., etc., and while he is paying the bill for all these things he finds the world at large praising his employer as a notable philanthropist, and in his heart he regards this as a sham. At any rate, he would rather be his own philanthropist.

The industrial system that depends, in the last resort, upon gratitude is a psychological mistake. The bond in economic life that holds employer and employed cannot be a weak and exploded virtue; it must be something strong and reliable. Gratitude cannot be the cement between classes in a democracy. Men are not, cannot and ought not to be held to their work and employer by gratitude, but by the broadest justice.

THE WORKING-MAN, WHETHER HE HAS REASONS FOR GRATITUDE OR NOT, IS CERTAINLY NOT LOYAL TO HIS EMPLOYERS.

"Take any of our great and successful establishments," says the "American Foundryman," "and get into touch with the management and you will find the universal complaint of the disloyalty of the men. See the men, on the other hand, and you will find the irritation due to arbitrary and unjust treatment, the existence of conditions repugnant to an independent spirit, etc. One need not then wonder why oftentimes the percentage of changes in the shop organization amounts to over one hundred per cent. annually

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How much greater would have been the success of the business pecuniarily, as well as the prosperity of the community, had more attention been given to the feelings of the actual wage-earner."*

Loyalty is an old, clan spirit and attached a man to a man of his own blood who was his chieftain; it attached the subject to a King as to a God-given leader and protector. Industrial conditions do not reproduce this relationship. The employer and employee do not acknowledge identity of interest. They treat each other, on the whole, as enemies. Labor is a "commodity" to be purchased by capital. How can you expect loyalty from a commodity?

If one listens for any length of time to working-men discussing these matters, he discovers that the way out of the difficulty is not an "insoluble conundrum," but is a simple and logical step. It is nothing less than an application of self-government to industry.

Democracy in its principle accords with the modern conception of divine activity, which is a working from within, not from without. The old idea of God as sovereign, sitting outside of creation and ruling it, gave the prototype to the divine authority of kings; in fact, to all arbitrary power. The idea of a god inside the universe, ruling through the laws of nature, the modern position, is the prototype of self-government. This centrifugal force is the method of democracy—it issues from within the ranks of people and not from a privileged position outside.

When an industrial magnate claims to run his enterprises by "divine right," as conspicuously happened not long ago, he is logical, for our industrialism is still under absolutism and has not passed into the democratic or self-governing stage. In religion and in politics we have largely turned to a theory, and to some extent to a practice, where sovereignty operates from within rather than from without; it can be only a matter of time when this philosophy and practice govern industry.

Our best educators have given up the attempt to secure discipline by the exercise of authority from above and are attempting to produce a maturer attitude toward conduct on the part of their pupils by leaving discipline more in the hands of the students themselves. They have met with most encouraging results.

* Transactions of the American Foundryman's Association, p. 197.

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Twenty-five years ago the participation by Harvard students in the Republican Presidential Torch-light Procession through the streets of Boston, was something of an orgy, ending in a good deal of a fight. I saw the Taft procession. It was like an Anniversary Day parade of the Brooklyn Sunday-schools. I was so astonished that I inquired the reason. The whole matter, it seems, had been taken up by the class presidents,—students,—who put the men on their honor with the sober and well-behaved results I beheld. If self-government among young, hot-blooded students can do that, it can do anything.

The working-man has secured a measure of industrial self-government through Trades-Unionism, which lifts him from the position of abject dependence upon the will of his employer and makes collective bargains on a higher level of consideration and mutual contract than he could make alone. By being a member of a trades-union a working-man has something to say about the business with which he is connected. In fact, he has a great deal to say about the way in which the business must treat him. And this, to a certain extent, is satisfactory to his instinct of independence and his love of having a say in that which orders his life. But trades-unionism cannot solve the Labor Question; for if it were to go to the limit of complete organization we should have this picture: On one hand, organized capital; on the other hand, organized labor, the two related to each other by trade agreements or contracts. But this basis of industry cannot be final in a democracy, for it immediately separates the population of citizens, who are supposed to be equal before the law and equal at the polls, into two opposing industrial camps and paves the way to socialism by intensifying the "class struggle."

The highly enlightened effort of the United States Steel Company to have its employees buy its stock and so to share in its profits is notable and a great step in the right direction. Mr. Carnegie, as well as Mr. Ingalls, of the "Big Four," preaches profit-sharing as the next industrial step. Profit-sharing as an industrial cement is surely much stronger than gratitude.

BUT THERE ARE INDICATIONS OF FURTHER PARTICIPATION OF THE WORKING-PEOPLE IN THE MANAGEMENT OF INDUSTRIAL ENTERPRISES WITH WHICH THEY ARE CONNECTED AS EMPLOYEES.

"In my reorganizing work in factories," says the successful

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industrial engineer, H. F. S. Potter, "I have found that where there is a tendency to centralize power in a one-man *régime* the growth of the enterprise is narrowed to just the scope of that one's capabilities. Whereas if every individual in the organization is given the opportunity and the privilege to express his views and his reasons for them in matters regarding which they may be of value; if whatever there is good in that presented is accepted for what it is worth, then at once the management is reinforced by the potential knowledge possessed by the brains of the whole."

The advantages of democracy are not to be looked for only in those ends that it expects in common with all government, such as safety and justice; or even in those results in which democracy may be richer, such as freedom, self-respect and opportunity. The advantages of democracy are to be found in its method of operation, whereby the citizen, having to assist in the process of government, develops qualities of statesmanship,—judgment, foresight, patience, honesty, sympathy,—and must consequently become a more highly organized and experienced personality, with a profounder social consciousness than the average subject of a king.

Lyman Abbott claims, with good reason, "that when the world learned it could have a State without a King and a Church without a Bishop, it had taken a long step towards learning that there could be a shop without a boss."

In the printing-rooms of the "Boston Globe," I am told, the "boss" of the printers is selected by the printers themselves. Far from being an easier taskmaster than the "boss" selected formerly by the owner, there is a more severe discipline in the printing-room than ever before, because an offender now against the rules of the printing-room has no longer the sympathy of his fellows and merely the ill-will of the owner, but he has the ill-will of his fellows as well; and if his behavior or disobedience has been flagrant, he is dismissed at the direction of the "boss" and with the consent of his fellows, in a fashion that makes it difficult for him to get work elsewhere. Such a method exhibits public opinion harnessed to industry.

"Towering over President and State Governors," says James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," "over Congress and State Legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out in the United States as the source of power."

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Public opinion has been an important factor in settling strikes and lockouts, where a passive and suffering public gave a verdict for one side or the other which had weight with the disputants. But what a range there is for public opinion within the body of workers! How dominating an influence under a democratic organization of industry! This field,—that of public opinion applied to industrial life,—remains yet to be capitalized.

INDUSTRIAL HELPLESSNESS CONFRONTS POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

The feeling of industrial helplessness which is the incubus upon the spirit of the working-man, is contemporaneous with the teachings of independence which proceed from democratic institutions and from modern science with its weakening of traditional authority.

Others besides the workers see their helplessness. The Hon. John Bigelow, whose great age loaded with public services has spanned most of our national existence, wrote, in 1908, to Governor Hughes:

> "With food enough produced in the United States to nourish twice its population, the average wage-earner can lay up nothing, can provide few privileges, and practically no recreation."

How different from the reality were the hopes of our young Republic! The expectations of the visionaries of the first half-century were well voiced by William Ellery Channing. In his lecture on "Self-Culture," delivered in Boston in 1838, he declared: "The grand distinction of the times is the emerging of the people from brutal degradation, the gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual diffusion among them of the means of improvement and happiness, the creation of a new power in the State—the power of the people."

What now do we hear from a voice raised in the same neighborhood seventy-two years later: Mr. Roosevelt, addressing the Alumni of Harvard College, at Cambridge, in June, 1910, had to confess that our democracy had not met the expectation of its well-wishers. "I found everywhere (in Europe) a certain disheartened sense that we had not come up to our ideals as there was ground for believing that we ought to have come; that we had not achieved them as we ought to have achieved them; and every instance of corruption, of demagogy, of the unjust abuse of wealth, the unjust use of wealth to the detriment of the

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public, or the improper acceptance by the public that mere wealth in and of itself constituted a claim to regard in the community, every instance of brutal materialism on our part, every time that it was made evident that the attitude of this country was such as ought not to be the attitude of a democracy founded on the principles upon which ours was founded — every such instance served to dim the ideal that the name America conjured up in the minds of those in foreign lands."

A great deal of what we call socialism is only democracy getting its second wind. Disappointment at the results of political democracy was inevitable. The modern experiment of democracy, it must be remembered, coincided with those great mechanical inventions, the cotton-gin, the spinning-jenny, steam, electricity, etc., which by making it possible to run thousands of machines under one roof have encouraged concentration of capital. The kit of tools of the old-fashioned workman is now an archæological curiosity; our skilled workmen are dependent upon access to machinery capitalistically owned. Political independence and industrial dependence cannot live together. The same man cannot represent both without complaint and confusion. The same country cannot contain both without disrupting ebullitions.

Wonderful things are happening in our times. The belief is gaining ground that destitution can be abolished; that if men will be brotherly the earth will be nearer heaven. A new religion has taken possession of millions, some of whom call themselves atheists. The working-people of many lands have reached a new understanding among themselves and have banded together in an optimism of outlook, a joyousness of spirit and a self-sacrificing compact, such as in the past has only illuminated periods of religious exaltation. The lowly man no longer feels lonely. The doubter no longer is worried by dogma. Within life itself has been found new grounds of faith, new and far-reaching fellowship. The world was never so friendly a spot to the human spirit as it is to-day. The Hebrew on the eve of the Messianic coming; the Southern slave on the threshold of emancipation; the crusader in sight of the Holy Sepulchre—must have had the exultant expectations, "the thrills," as we say, that a glimpse of industrial brotherhood, upon a purely human basis, is giving millions of wage-earners to-day.

"Released from monastic and oppressive regulation, from the

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hurt of body and imprisonment of mind, the people of the Renaissance," says Professor Rudolf Eucken, "burst into freedom of classical speculation and gained cheer, enthusiasm, power."

Why have our masses not the joy and enthusiasm of the people of the Renaissance? Modern life represents a new freedom and self-confidence, but they are only partially distributed. The freedom and the exhilaration that the working-people of the Renaissance enjoyed, our working-people have lost through industrial helplessness. This is a serious loss, not only because a great epoch has dawned upon a divided civilization, but because the majority of the people through industrial helplessness are not in a position to join the privileged few in using the modern enlightenment to the good of all in greater discoveries, art, letters and relationships. We are all losers if we permit any class to lack freedom and self-confidence. We are only completely gainers by the mental enfranchisement of our time, when all classes work together for discovery, for increase of wealth, for the spread of material benefits, and for the highest individual and social development.

PERCY STICKNEY GRANT.

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ALL AMERICA!

BY JOHN BARRETT, DIRECTOR OF THE INTERNATIONAL BUREAU OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS, EX-MINISTER TO SIAM, ARGENTINA, PANAMA, AND TO COLUMBIA, ETC.

THE purpose of this brief discussion is to awaken among thinking men more active interest in the twenty resourceful, ambitious, and yet too little appreciated American Republics lying to the south and southeast of the United States. That all of them, from Mexico and Cuba south to Argentina and Chile, are entering upon a period of remarkable progress and development is evident from what they have done and are doing. The ignorance of the majority of the people of the United States and of Europe with their past history, their present achievement, their limitless resources, and their immense potentialities is almost startling. This lack of knowledge is not, however, so surprising when we remember that the northern world has been largely occupied during the last twenty years with its own political progress and the exploitation of its own material resources. If there is a prevailing lack of acquaintance to-day with Latin America, the fault rests with the people and press of the country and not with the Government, for the State Department, under the able direction of Secretary Knox and Assistant Secretary Wilson, devotes almost seventy-five per cent. of its time and energy to the consideration of Latin-American diplomatic and commercial questions. The correspondence, moreover, which is now pouring in great bulk into the International Bureau of the American Republics—an institution devoted to the development of Pan-American comity and commerce—from every part of the world, and the tenor of editorial and descriptive articles appearing to-day in the press, demonstrate beyond question that Latin America as a whole and its salient characteristics are destined soon to be better under-

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stood. It is most appropriate now that there should be some special consideration of Latin America, because there is in session at Buenos Aires the Fourth International Conference of American States, which will consider many questions having a direct bearing upon the welfare, prosperity and the common interests of all the American nations.

The enthusiastic and patriotic citizen of the United States, who has not travelled extensively enough about the world to realize that there are some other countries of great physical and economic features, is in the habit of describing this and that characteristic of his city, State or country as "the biggest thing on earth" or "the largest in the world." The man with this habit feels almost stunned when he is told that the entire area of the United States proper from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico can be placed inside of the Republic of Brazil with room left over to hold New York State nearly four times; that out of the Amazon flows every morning several times the volume of water which the Mississippi empties into the Gulf; that, again, down in southern South America the Parana carries to the sea a flood greater by half than the Mississippi; that the city of Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, has expended more money during the last five years in public improvements than any city in the United States with the exception of New York and Chicago and boasts now of nearly a million population; that Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, has one million two hundred thousand people within its limits, and is growing more rapidly than any city in North America with the exception of New York and Chicago; that Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, and Valparaiso, the port of Chile, are expending a larger sum in the construction of harbors suited for the largest shipping of the world than is being devoted at the moment to any harbor in the United States; that Bolivia is building a system of railroads over its mountains and down into surrounding valleys which rival the railroad systems of Colorado; that Lima, Peru, has a university which was one hundred years old before Harvard was founded; that Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela possess a variety of climate and resources, due to their mingling of high plateaus and valleys, unsurpassed in the world.

If, after considering these few facts, it should be desirable to still convince the sceptical and superficial observer, and he wished

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further data to form an opinion about the other southern republics, it might be mentioned that the five Central-American republics of Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica are the first group of nations in the history of the world to sign and ratify a convention requiring the settlement of all disputes between them before an international court of justice and without recourse to arms, such treaty having been negotiated at the Central American Peace Conference held under the roof of the International Bureau of the American Republics in Washington in December, 1907; that Mexico, under the wise, strong and benevolent administration of General Diaz, has developed such a measure of stability and prosperity that it has invested within its limits eight hundred millions of United States capital; that little Panama, known practically for the sole reason that through it is being constructed the great canal, has large areas of land suited for agriculture and extensive forests awaiting legitimate exploitations; that Cuba, now beginning a new and critical era in its history, is possessed of a climate, soil and possibilities which will make its wealth of the present seem small in comparison to the potentialities of the future; and that the Dominican Republic and Hayti, even though they may have led a somewhat troubled existence, are real garden spots of the Caribbean, where eventually plenty and prosperity must be prevailing characteristics.

Lest this summary just given above should be misleading, and the criticism should be made that too strong a picture was being drawn of the great features of Latin America, it is well to bear in mind that the tendency of the comment and description in the United States and Europe about Latin America is patronizing, not laudatory. We hear too much of the unfavorable side. We are too continually regaled with exaggerated stories of revolutions, of trying climates and of unfavorable environment. If one listens to a group of persons discussing Latin America, the prevailing note is usually one of unfair criticism rather than of just consideration. Instead of always holding the sixpence of revolution and alleged instability of government so close to our eyes that we cannot see the good beyond, let us clear our vision and acknowledge that two-thirds of the entire area and population of the twenty Latin-American republics have been characterized with no serious revolution during the last decade and a half; and that European financiers who do not wilfully make

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a mistake are to-day pouring millions of dollars into Latin America for the construction of interior railroads and electric street-car lines in the municipalities, for the development of water-powers and the opening of mines, for public improvements of all kinds, and for the exploitation of agricultural and timber wealth. Conservative opinion in the moneyed centres of the Old World is beginning to believe that investments in the larger portion of Latin America are now practically as safe as they are in the United States, and financiers are backing up this belief by purchasing the stocks and bonds of a large variety of companies doing business in that part of the world. The readiness with which the Brazilian and Argentine loans were bought up shows the growing confidence in these republics. Why not? The annual foreign trade of Argentina, located in the south temperate zone, like the United States in the north, covering an area nearly equal to half of that of the United States proper, and yet having only a population of seven millions of people, is valued at approximately seven hundred millions of dollars, or an average of nearly one hundred dollars per head. There are few countries in the world, even among the oldest and most prosperous, which can show figures to compare favorably with these.

Although Brazil has been somewhat handicapped by unfavorable conditions in the coffee trade, it has held its head high and everywhere gives evidence of great material advancement. Its annual commerce approximates five hundred millions of dollars. Chile, which, if transplanted from southwestern South America to a corresponding position on the Pacific coast of the United States and Canada, would reach from the Mexico-California line north into the very heart of Alaska, has a foreign trade valued at two hundred millions of dollars annually; and it is constructing a great longitudinal railway which will require scores of millions of dollars to complete, and yet it goes about it as if the task were an every-day one. Similar figures might be cited about the other American republics, but only one other fact need be mentioned to prove that all Latin America is making mighty strides in commerce—and commerce is often described as the life-blood of nations. The total volume of the foreign trade of these twenty republics, including exports and imports, approximates now annually two billions of dollars, or a sum equal to two-thirds of the entire foreign commerce of the United States. When it is further

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remembered that this represents an increase of one billion dollars in ten years, or one hundred millions of dollars per annum, the critic who looks upon Latin America disparagingly experiences a feeling that perhaps he should change his point of view.

It is not intended within the limits of this discussion to employ the usual arguments in favor of building up our trade with Latin America or to set forth specifically the affirmative and negative sides of government aid to steamship lines, of opening banks controlled by United States capital or of negotiating reciprocal tariff treaties, etc., but rather to develop a keener appreciation of what Latin America actually is. As the real value and quality of a country are measured not alone by its natural wealth, but by its peoples and its institutions, it is well to note some salient characteristics under these heads. And while, of course, there are exceptions, it is undoubtedly true that the average citizen of the United States or Europe who spends much time in Latin America, or takes up his residence there, learns to love and admire the Latins, and to give them credit for qualities and achievements too often entirely forgotten by the passing or superficial observer. The average traveller who makes a rush journey through Latin-American countries sees little of the higher and better-educated classes. He draws his conclusions too often from a certain element of the natives with whom he comes in contact in the more petty details of his travels. If he has time, however, to get behind the scenes, as it were, there is not an important town in all Latin-America where he cannot meet a large number of men and women of superior refinement and charm. If he proves his worth, he will experience a hospitality equal to that given him in any part of the United States or Europe. If he is polite, gentle and appreciative, he will receive a treatment in return that will cause him to carry away most delightful memories.

If there is one quality which makes for real learning, and which the hurry and bustle of our life has caused us to neglect, it is thoroughness in education and study. The average Latin American who aspires to any position of scholarship, or who may wish to become a successful writer, professor, priest, lawyer, doctor or engineer, pursues his studies to an extent and with a thoroughness that, it must be frankly but truthfully stated, is not always characteristic of his neighbor in the United States. Without any reflection whatever on the graduating classes of our

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leading universities and colleges, it is safe to contend that a larger number of men graduate from the Latin-American universities with a comprehensive grasp of all the subjects they have taken up than do from the average American high institution of learning. If the standards required for the practice of the learned professions of the twenty Latin-American republics were put alongside the standards required in the forty-six States of the United States, the comparisons would be unfortunate for the latter.

The North-American newspaper man often pokes fun at the Latin-American newspaper because it devotes such a large proportion of its space each day to extended discussions of literary, scientific and legal subjects; and yet, if these features were not included, the constituency of those papers would feel as if they were not treated with respect. It is an open question if it is not better to fill the papers with such matter when it is appreciated than with long, extended stories of crimes and casualties. Newspapers claim that their standards are determined entirely by the people who read them. This argument applied to Latin America is certainly a compliment to its intelligence.

Only recently a prominent newspaper in the United States emphasized "graft" and laxity of morals as characteristics in Latin America. Alas! if there ever was an illustration of the old figure of speech that a man living in a glass house should not throw stones, it is found in the criticism by the people of the United States of "graft" and laxity of morals in Latin America! In view of the constant discussion and evidence of "graft" in the leading municipalities of the United States, it is well to point out that it costs far less to administer such great cities as Rio Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santiago, Mexico and Havana than it does cities of corresponding size in the United States. And yet in the excellence of their water and sewerage systems, in the cleanliness of their streets, in the quality of their schoolhouses and public buildings, in the extent of their parks and boulevards, and in their adoption of modern sanitary measures they can compare favorably with and even surpass the majority of the municipalities of the United States. A searching investigation of the twoscore millions which Rio Janeiro expended in the building of new streets and docks, of a similar sum which Buenos Aires expended in the building of its wonderful system of wharves, and of the remarkable improvements that

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have recently been made in Mexico City, show no such evidences of so-called "graft" as have been found in similar enterprises in the United States. Now and then there may be some local official or a governor of a province of a lesser country who fattens himself on a system of tribute, but this is no longer characteristic of the great resourceful countries of Latin America, and it will soon pass away from those where it is now alleged to be chronic.

In all discussions of the laxity of morals there comes up the one great question of preserving the sanctity of the family. Divorce is almost unknown throughout Latin America, and race suicide is never even mentioned. The average high-class family of Latin America can usually boast of a family ranging from five to ten children. Domestic infelicity, of course, exists, but it does not stalk abroad and make blasé the growing boys and girls of the land. The percentage of Latin-American women of good families who go wrong, to use an expressive phrase, is indeed small. The average Latin-American mother has a regard for the family tie and for the principles of the Church in which she has been brought up which forever protects her from unfortunate alliances. The average Latin-American man is often described as being much more of a devil than he really is! His pride in his family is a strong characteristic, and even if at times he may quietly conduct questionable relations with those outside the conventional pale of society, he will invariably resist with all his strength of body and mind any suggestion that he is not loyal to his family. The divorce records for the city of Chicago in one week will surpass those of all the Latin-American cities in a year. The number of men who live apart from their wives in the United States as compared to those in Latin America is five to one. If the existence of a nation depends upon the preservation of the family, the future of Latin America cannot be considered as in danger.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to describe carefully the educational spirit, the scientific research, the musical fondness, the appreciation of fine art, the literary tendencies, the social finesse which characterize the principal cities and the controlling population of Latin America, but they are well worthy of investigation on the part of the person who would know well that portion of the world. Latin America's historical record is, moreover, so full of heroic achievement and high statesmanship

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that it should be better understood in the colleges and schools of the United States. The stories of, for example, such men as San Martin and Bolivar, who gained the independence, respectively, of southern and northern South America, should be known equally well with the great work of our own Washington, from whom these Latin-American leaders gained their inspiration. The story of how each one of these twenty countries won its independence is so romantic and thrilling that the modern educator might often question if it were not better to pay less attention to what was done by the heroes of ancient Greece and Rome and of the Middle Ages and more to what was accomplished by the heroes of our sister nations in modern times.

High society to-day, perhaps, gives more attention to music than to any other form of entertainment, but it does not appreciate the fact that Buenos Aires has an opera-house far surpassing anything in the United States and ranking among the best in the world. The greatest singers go there as well as to New York. Our newspapers are often cited as the best evidence of our splendid material progress, and yet no newspaper in the United States has a plant and equipment more costly than those of the principal papers in Buenos Aires and Rio Janeiro.

Having made these observations on Latin-American conditions, it may be well to call attention to the work that the International Bureau of the American Republics, located in Washington, D. C., is doing for the development of better acquaintance, friendship and commerce among the American nations. The existence of such an institution has not generally been appreciated in the United States because of the simple fact that the American people, up to the time that Elihu Root made his famous journey around South America, had not given sufficient attention to that part of the world to recognize the efforts being exerted by this international agency in Washington to make Latin America better known in the United States and the United States better known in Latin America. Upon Mr. Root's return from his remarkable journey he infused new life into the International Bureau, until now it is accomplishing results for Pan-American commerce and comity never expected a few years ago. Established in 1890 by the First International Conference of American States, which was held in Washington in the winter of 1889-90, and presided over by James G. Blaine, it signalizes the completion of its

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first score of years by taking up its permanent abode in a magnificent new building which has been described as a "Temple of Peace, Friendship and Commerce." For its construction all the American Governments contributed, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Its cornerstone laying in May, 1908, was one of the notable historical events of Washington. Epoch-making speeches were made by ex-President Roosevelt, ex-Secretary Root, the Brazilian ambassador, Mr. Naluco, and Mr. Carnegie. Three thousand people, prominent in the official and private life of the capital, witnessed the placing of this stone coincident with the raising of the flags and of the playing of the national anthems of the twenty-one nations which have a common interest in this structure.

The celebration of the dedication and occupation of the new building in April of this year was also made notable by addresses of President Taft, Secretary Knox, Ambassador de la Barra of Mexico, Senator Elihu Root, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie, delivered in the presence of a distinguished audience in the noble assembly hall of the new edifice.

The International Bureau is supported by the annual appropriations, based on population, of all these Governments, and its affairs are controlled by a governing board made up of the diplomatic representatives of the Latin-American republics in Washington, presided over by the Secretary of State of the United States as chairman *ex officio*. This board in turn elects the director, who is its executive and therefore an international officer. Its correspondence averages over six thousand letters received and answered each month. For commercial purposes it is in touch in both North and South America with manufacturers, merchants, exporters and importers, doing all it can to facilitate the exchange and building-up of trade among the American nations. On the other hand, it is in touch with men in public life, university and college presidents, professors and students, writers and newspaper men, scientists and travellers, providing them with a large variety of information which will increase their interest in the different American nations. It publishes numerous handbooks, pamphlets and maps. It issues each month a bulletin giving the latest information in regard to the commerce, laws, new enterprises and general development of each republic. The Columbus Memorial Library, which is under the direction of the

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bureau, possesses a large collection of books, historical, travel, narrative, statistical and governmental, relating to every American nation, and can be consulted without charge by any responsible person. Nearly eighteen thousand volumes are now found upon its shelves.

In conclusion, it may be fitting to quote from a prophecy made by the writer in an address delivered before the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, as follows:

"Without unwarranted enthusiasm, let me point out to you my confident belief that the next ten years will be a Latin-American decade—that all the world will be then studying and watching Latin America as it now does Japan and the Orient, and that a material, economic, intellectual and political advancement will be witnessed in Latin America which will rival what has been accomplished in the United States. Were it not for the lamentable ignorance which prevails throughout the United States in regard to the peoples, institutions, resources and governments of this section of America, this statement would not seem in the least surprising. Those of us who have travelled from Cuba to Chile and from Brazil to Bolivia are keenly aware that this great onward movement has already begun and that Latin America has entered upon a new era of splendid activity and world-wide influence.

"Twenty republics, varying in size from the area of Brazil, which is larger than that of the United States proper, to Salvador, the smallest, which would take in Rhode Island six times over, having a combined population of nearly seventy millions and a foreign commerce valued at more than two billions of dollars per annum, are going ahead so rapidly that no man can safely prophesy the limit of what they will accomplish during the next ten years. Gifted with a variety of climates and of resources, blessed with a marvellous intermingling of cool plateaus and tropical lowlands, provided with vast navigable river systems and a long extent of accessible coast-line, supplying numerous important products which the rest of the world must purchase, and possessing a people of deep sympathies and high intellectuality based on an old and worthy civilization, they all challenge our best study and keenest appreciation."

JOHN BARRETT.

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A REPLY TO ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON "THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF AMERICA IN ITALY."

BY REVEREND S. M. VERNON, D.D.

THE courteous invitation of the editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to reply to the article in the July number falls in with my sense of duty, and is therefore accepted. In so far as the venerable prelate, for whom I have always entertained a very high regard, refers to the expression from the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church concerning the Methodism of Italy, I shall not follow him, leaving an answer on those points to the discretion of those to whom the matter belongs.

I am conscious of the great delicacy of the task before me, and of the necessity of great care lest I offend, and I exceedingly regret that the Archbishop felt it his duty to project such a discussion in a form that leaves no choice but to make such response as the circumstances will permit. I am sensible that twenty millions of Methodists and their adherents on one side, and nearly as many Roman Catholics on the other, are in danger of being swept into a heated religious controversy. I therefore deprecate the beginning of this discussion and hope it may end without any of the possible evils to which it might lead.

That I justify the entrance of the Methodist Episcopal Church into Rome does not imply a want of respect for the Roman Catholic Church. As I believe that the presence of the Roman Catholic Church in America is a constant stimulus to the Protestant churches to keep up to the discipline of their best life, in addition to the good it does among its own adherents, so I believe the presence of the Methodists in Rome has already had a most salutary influence on the Roman Catholic Church, in addition to the good they have done to those who have come directly under their influence.

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I am sorry the good Archbishop chose to spread before the curious public what he considered defects in the conduct of the Methodists of Rome; no doubt they have defects, but might there not have been a better way of dealing with them? Would not an effort to cure them have been in better spirit and have borne better fruit than the effort to smite them with public scorn and condemnation? A private note to those in authority or a brotherly conference might have cured the evils, or, better yet, have proven to him that they did not exist. I will not throw stones. I am sorry that his Grace undertook it, and that, having tried it, he did not throw straighter and with more grace of movement.

The Archbishop displays a fatal weakness in the foundation on which he chooses to build. He says that the statements he makes are drawn from "Methodist authorities," then proceeds to name, in connection with Bishop Burt, Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D., and quotes very largely from "Four and One-half Years in the Italian Mission — A Criticism of Missionary Methods." The book is written by this "Methodist authority," and is declared to be "particularly enlightening," that is, it gives the kind of information, or misinformation, that serves the purpose of the Archbishop. The fact is, the book is not "a Methodist authority," has never been so recognized by any missionary board, conference, bishop, or any human being but Archbishop Ireland. Instead of being a Methodist authority it is repudiated by all Methodist authorities as unfair and an injury to the mission. To say that his Grace did not know would discredit his intelligence without relieving the other delicate phases of the question, for if he did not use the ordinary means for obtaining knowledge, what right had he to speak? He further says of it that it "is a semi-official report to his fellow Methodists of America on the conditions of Methodism in Italy." Dr. Stackpole does not call it a report; no one else ever called it a report till Archbishop Ireland found out its true character and named it properly. It was not sent or read to the Missionary Board as a report; it was not so sent to any conference or bishop; indeed it was never heard of as a report save in the good Archbishop's inner consciousness, one of those inward states by which relics—the bones of saints and others—have so often been found. But it is fatal to this theory of a report that in its title its true character is indicated: "A Criticism of Missionary Methods"—that is the whole of it, a

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criticism and not a report. The "semi-official" is also spurious, for it was not written till he was out of office. Considerable time elapsed since these events and conversations before they were recorded in this book, and if the writer left Italy with a sore heart and then had a few episcopal rebuffs about appointments, he would be almost sure to forget some essential things to a proper understanding of the incidents related, and to remember some things that did not at all occur. Was there ever a minister rejected by a congregation who had broad-mindedness enough to attribute it to anything else than a lack of intelligence or Christian character in the congregation, and he could furnish an endless list of specifications to sustain that interpretation? It might be possible for a tyro to be deceived by the testimony of a man with a grievance like Mr. Stackpole, but a veteran like our Archbishop, accustomed to hearing and judging cases daily, would see into the inwardness of such a case at a flash; it would be impossible for him to read a book like this without scenting from afar the fumes of burnt gunpowder from unseen battles that had been fought. The principal foundation on which Archbishop Ireland builds being thus swept away, the whole fabric of his objections to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome falls with it. He objects to Dr. Stackpole's declarations of purpose and attitude while in the service of our Church in Rome, so did the Methodist bishops; he thought Dr. Stackpole ought to be sent out of Italy, so thought the Methodist bishops; but when he is sent away he turns about to say as unjust things about his own Methodist Episcopal Church as he had said about the Roman Catholic Church; then Archbishop Ireland flies to him and, raising him to the dignity of a "Methodist authority," proceeds to build his argument out of this "wood, hay and stubble" that is burned the moment it is "tried by the fire" of truth. If indeed Dr. Stackpole did go to Rome full of the idea of conquering the dominions of St. Peter and transferring its rich treasures to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and if our bishops cut short this daring enterprise by removing the ambitious sectary, they are certainly entitled to the gratitude of the hierarchy for saving the patrimony of St. Peter.

This witness is disqualified to testify in such a case, not only because of his well-known bias, but also because he knows nothing and says nothing about the question now under discussion—the

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present deportment of the Methodists in Rome. His book was written sixteen years ago and is too old to throw any light on present-day questions, and it is not old enough to interpret the ruling motives of those who introduced Methodism in Italy, for they entered the field twenty-three years before, so all this testimony is of no value.

The statements about the mercenary character of our ministry are one-sided and a gross overstatement of an ugly truth that is known to every one who knows the spiritual dearth and low moral plane of life in Italy. It is certainly not according to the facts in the case that we have found the Waldensians so addicted to the mercenary spirit. That there may have been cases of the kind mentioned may not be disputed, but they were rare and unimportant compared with the many noble instances of royal devotion to the cause of Christ and truth. Why was not mention made of that royal figure and force in the regeneration of Italy, Rev. Teofila Gay, D.D., the thorough scholar, able preacher, and public-spirited citizen, loyal to his king and to the best aspirations of modern Italy? He was a graduate from the Geneva Theological Seminary under that great scholar, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, and, as every one knows who is familiar with events in Italy the past twenty-five years, has been one of the most virile and influential figures in that moral and spiritual renaissance that is lifting Italy to a place of honor among the nations. Other distinguished men came to us from the Waldensians, and we had but few unworthy applicants from that source.

The Archbishop says truly that many priests offered their services for the larger compensation which they saw in prospect. Was it to our discredit or to that of the Roman Catholic Church that many propositions came to us from the priests of that Church and were rejected by us? No priest was ever received till after careful and searching examination as to the reality of his conversion and the sincerity of his purposes, in one case the period of testing and proving extended over a period of three years, but that we were never imposed upon we do not claim. It is a sad fact that after more than a thousand years under the tutelage of the Roman Catholic Church the masses of Italy have become so accustomed to deception and fraud that their priests even are capable of such things, and seem to have no conscience on the subject. We have had hundreds of priests offer themselves, most of them coming

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"by night" as Nicodemus did lest they should be observed, whose motives were so transparent that they were dismissed at once to go back to the service of the Church that had been the instrument of forming their characters. Though sometimes imposed upon, is it quite worth while to bring a "railing accusation" against a Church because a Judas may have crept in among the faithful, or is it discreet to do it if the Judas comes from the household of the man bringing the accusation? Does it not seem like a forlorn effort to find an occasion of complaint against us? He does not speak of the great and godly men who have come to us, who were an honor to Rome before they came, and an honor to us by their coming and their services with us. One of the brightest of such men was that prince among preachers, Rev. Alcesta Lanna, D.D. As a youth he passed through all the Italian schools, taking, after competitive examination, the highest honors in each, which entitled him to a position in the Vatican College. So brilliant was his career and his future was so full of promise, that he was at once taken into the faculty of one of the first colleges in Rome. After long examination and testing under the searching methods of Dr. Vernon he gave satisfying proof of his real conversion to Christ as well as to Methodism, and he was accepted without the matter of finances having been once named by either party. He had been professor of philosophy in the Vatican Seminary, and was at the time professor in the College of the Apollinari, which position he resigned with all prospects of promotion to high station to enter a despised mission, without guaranteed position or support, and with no alluring prospects. At the close of the same year, 1874, another man of like character and ability, Prof. E. Caporali, LL.D., the son of a Viennese baroness, left the Church of Rome and entered our communion in a similar way. He was a wide-ranging student of the German type, and carried forward his literary enterprises with great success, among other things publishing a scholastic work of an encyclopædic character of eight large volumes. A little later came a shock, felt throughout all Christendom, if newspaper comment is any indication, when Count Enrico di Campello, a canon of St. Peter's Church at the Vatican, after three years of frequent visits to Dr. Vernon, our superintendent, with whom there were prolonged discussions and earnest searchings for the truth, openly renounced Roman Catholicism and became a Methodist. There

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was also Prof. Taglialatela, of Naples, whom Dr. Vernon received from the Roman Catholic professorship into the Methodist Episcopal Church, who now has four sons in our ministry, one of them, Alfredo Taglialatela, known as "the Savonarola of Italy." These are enough worthy names, though the list is long, to show the quality of many of our converts. I freely grant that many of them were poor, some very poor, they may even have been born in a stable and have envied the birds their nests and the foxes their holes. That his Grace should object to the activity of our ministers in making converts seems strange when we remember how the various agencies set on foot for that purpose are endeavoring to win Protestants.

Mention may be made of the "American Catholic Missionary Congress" held November 15-18, 1908, at Chicago, which boasted 25,055 "converts" through the "missions" of "the Paulist Fathers" to non-Catholics. (It is said that no Catholic is admitted to these innocent non-proselyting services unless attended by at least one Protestant.) This great public congress to rejoice over the conversions reported by a hundred missionaries was attended by "the Pope's legate bearing the triple Pontifical cross," officially endorsing the movement; and Cardinal Gibbons "gave his blessing." We do not object to these missions, but they make ridiculous the Romish outcry against our "proselyting" of Italians. We do not require persons coming to our revival meetings to bring a Catholic as a personal ticket.

The Archbishop is very much disturbed by the methods adopted by these zealots in their effort to win Roman Catholics. He solemnly declares to the listening world that one of their papers published a cartoon showing the Pope in an attitude different from that in which Roman Catholics are accustomed to think of him, and that they have applied epithets and terms to him that seem unsuitable to one of his dignity. The distinguished prelate ought to know that an epithet or opprobrious expression hurts only the man that uses it unless there is the force of fact and logic back of it, then it may stick and cause some discomfort. A cartoon, indeed! The ordinary politician has dignity enough to march right on and pay no attention to cartoons. But, His Holiness? After all, is it not a rather harmless way of expressing one's feelings toward those who have the presumption to hold religious opinions that cannot be approved, as compared with

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the methods adopted by former Popes toward those who differed from them? Shades of the Inquisition answer! Ye who went up to your crowns from dungeons, from the rack, and from the stake, answer! Ye well know and can declare that the "revenges of history" have been very slow and gentle. The whirlwind now having the Vatican as its centre is very gentle indeed when we consider the "sowing to the wind" from that source during the Dark Ages. I could wish that the Archbishop had a little more confidence in the truth of his cause and the certain triumph of truth, than to be frightened by a cartoon and a few epithets. When John Wesley was vilely assailed and falsely accused he was about setting out on one of his preaching tours when his brother Charles rushed in and said: "You must not go, it will not do; you must stay and answer these calumnies." The great and good man looked at him and said: "Brother, when I gave myself to God, I gave him my reputation also, and he can take care of it"; and God and His Church have taken care of it without any interference on his part. We certainly do not approve any unworthy attack upon the Pope, but the way a ship behaves under fire proves whether it is pasteboard or steel-plated. Unjust attack is the good man's opportunity, and often his richest asset. The epithets hurled at Jesus Christ called forth some of His best utterances, and they are the dark background against which His character rises to-day large and luminous.

Serious complaint is made also that some editor in passing the Methodist publishing-house in Rome saw in a window the titles of some books that offended him. He did not so much as open one of them to see if they contained anything offensive or had any arguments for their support that were worthy of consideration, but at once raises a howl that reaches America and by the grace of an Archbishop gets to the classical pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. This condemnation of books that have not even been opened or read and the parading of "Methodist authorities" that are no authorities are all of one piece, and if the Methodists of Rome have so conducted themselves that such methods must be resorted to in order to discredit them, I am disposed to think they must be a pretty nice body of people. I suppose the Methodist bookstore in Rome, like the Methodist bookstores in this country, does a general book business, buying and selling according to the demands of trade within such limits

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as seem proper for a religious bookstore. The matter is too trivial to occupy more space, especially as his Grace did not even see the titles himself but takes the word of another about them.

The Archbishop has some uncomplimentary things to say about our girls' school in Rome, claiming here to speak for once from personal knowledge. It is not a very dignified occupation to loiter about a female school and pick up the little items of gossip that always go out from such places, from the students that could not pass their examinations or that would not submit to necessary discipline, or from parents who thought their daughters did not receive proper recognition. He has nothing to allege that is worth a moment's attention outside of the board controlling the school where all his complaints would have received courteous attention and such measures would have been adopted as were found necessary to cure the evils complained of. This school has attracted the attention of the best families, and ranks as by far the best school for young ladies in Italy. The grandchildren of that world-renowed old patriot, Garibaldi, were educated in it, and one of them is now in charge of a branch of the institution. So great has been the demand on its accommodations that three new buildings are now in process of erection to meet the demand. It has character and strength enough to bear unhurt all the low gossip that may be handed around by those who like the commodity, even though an Archbishop stands sponsor for it.

He assails the memory of the eloquent and courtly Bishop Newman with a quotation from a sermon the bishop preached in Rome, in which he finds "a brutal attack on the papacy." Bishop Newman's words may sound harsh in the ears of the partisans of the Pope, but if what rival Popes have said about one another was true and infallible, and if what the most able and devout priests from Savonarola to our times have said about the priesthood in general may be accepted as true, then the utterance of Bishop Newman seems mild and gentle. As for Bishop Burt, "his works praise him," and being very much alive he is able to speak for himself, if the occasion requires it, which I apprehend it does not.

Having given so much space to these unimportant matters of a gossipy nature that were worthy of notice only because of the eminence of their author and the dignity of the forum where they appeared, we may now turn to matters of more substance

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and weight. The main question now faces us, why did the Methodist Episcopal Church go into Italy? Rev. Leroy M. Vernon, D.D., was sent to Italy in 1871 after a very thorough discussion of the propriety of such a movement in which all phases of the question were considered. It is but just to say that some very able men were not convinced by the arguments that carried a majority of the Board in favor of the measure. There was no lack of consideration for the feelings of our brethren of the great communion that would seem to be antagonized by the measure, nor were the delicate questions of propriety and courtesy to another form of Christian faith overlooked. But after thorough discussion the majority felt it to be their solemn duty to open a mission in Italy.

One of the most influential considerations in favor of the Italian mission was the great illiteracy among the Italian people. According to the Government report, it was seventy-one per cent. of the entire population. That is, in the eighteen million of people only twenty-nine out of a hundred could read and write. This was the outcome of more than a thousand years of Roman Catholic ministries, and there seemed little ground for expecting anything better in the future. The Church had put vast sums in great cathedrals, two of them at least representing an outlay of more than $100,000,000 each, more than the Methodist Episcopal Church had spent in its history for church buildings, and enough to have planted a schoolhouse in every Italian community and paid a teacher. The Roman Catholic Church seems to proceed upon the theory that it has rendered full service to a people when it has set up the institutions of Christianity among them; the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the other hand, has always held itself bound to teach the people and give them the opportunity for the largest intelligence as a necessary means to the best life. If the Roman Catholic Church would melt down into coin some of the silver bishops and virgins that stand idly around in the crypts of these cathedrals, and send it out to teach the people and raise up living temples of renewed royal men and women, we would all have more faith in the miracle-working power of relics and a new conception of the practical utility of bishops and virgins.

Another consideration that had great weight with the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the fact that

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the men of Italy had to a very large extent reacted from the Roman Catholic Church and would not attend its services. Many of them had reacted to blank infidelity, others to bitter hatred of the Church, and many to simple indifference. The Methodist Episcopal Church, without any such ambitions as Archbishop Ireland and his "Methodist authority" attribute to it, felt that here was a call to minister to a people destitute of proper gospel privileges. This reaction was due in part to the moral sentiment against the practice of the Church in giving indulgences and allowing a traffic in them, as revolting to good taste as to true moral and religious feeling. Roman Catholics themselves have felt as keenly as any others the absurdity and the terrible demoralizing influences of this evil, some of them, as Luther did, reacting in the direction of reform, but the larger number in the direction of indifference and scepticism concerning all religious truth. The mass of men do not distinguish between the substance of truth held by the Church and an excrescence fastened on it by the cupidity of men. Another reason for the reaction is the abomination of the unholy traffic in relics. There never can be a race of intelligent men loyal to a system of this kind, for everybody knows it is false and deceptive, largely for the purposes of financial gain. A number of different cathedrals profess to have the same relic and carry on a thriving traffic in exhibiting it to travellers, and all under the watchful oversight and blessing of the Church. There is no explanation or defence to be made, unless they extend the doctrine of transubstantiation to include the possibility of changing a piece of old iron also into a nail from the true cross. This outrage upon the common sense of mankind becomes more shocking and unendurable when the power of working miracles is attributed to these relics. Who that has ever seen it can forget the monstrosity of fraud and greed perpetrated in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem by a Roman Catholic monk? He meets the traveller with smiling face and offers for sale a wafer he has made from the Virgin's milk which he finds every morning on the floor of the stable where the Christ was nourished. Because on one occasion the supply was more than the infant Jesus required and it flowed out on the floor, so now for all time this miracle of the reappearing milk goes on repeating itself each day for the glory of God and the special benefit of this monk,

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and the world is expected to believe this as a part of God's manifestation of Himself to men. Even worse is the gigantic fraud and hideous blasphemy of the pretended lighted torch at Easter in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. A few years ago its abuses became so shocking that the Governor of Jerusalem forbade its repetition. But the great swarm of pilgrims came no more to traffic and trade in Jerusalem, and there was such a clamor from the shopkeepers and all trading people that the Governor was induced to "restore the miracle," and every Easter the same gigantic fraud of the pretended descent of fire from heaven is perpetrated to the utter disgust of all intelligent people. I freely grant that the Roman Catholics are not alone guilty in this, for the Greek, Copt and Armenian churches join in the awful blasphemy of the Holy Ghost. I do not mean to intimate that Archbishop Ireland approves of these corrupt practices; many of the prelates and intelligent laymen of the Roman Catholic Church in America are as much opposed to these things as any Protestant can be, but the point I am making is that these abuses in the lands across seas have wrought the ruin of faith among observing and thinking people. The last census of Italy says that of all the States of Europe Italy has the largest number of men without any religious profession. It is undoubtedly true that "Rome, itself the centre of Catholicism, contains in its borders more sceptics and infidels than any city of its size in the world."

Other causes of this general reaction, such as the maintenance of large celibate classes of both sexes as servants of the Church among the hot-blooded, ignorant people of the far south and the state of morals that naturally result, might be given to account for that reaction from the Roman Catholic Church that appears in all European countries as well as in Italy. The question before the Methodist Episcopal Church was whether these reactionaries, believed to be a large majority of the whole population, should be left without religious culture and gospel ministries. The final decision was, that as the Master had "compassion" on the people who were "as sheep without a shepherd" and gave them bread for their hunger, so would the Methodist Episcopal Church provide for the starving of Italy.

Still another thing that seemed to justify the entrance of the Methodist Episcopal Church into Italy was the almost entire

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suspension of the preaching of the gospel in the Roman Catholic Churches of that unfortunate country. The priests contented themselves with the celebration of the Mass, and if they ventured upon any discourse to the people, it was usually about some question of civil or ecclesiastical administration, or concerning the history and miracle-working power of some relic, or a recitation of the traditions concerning some saint or holy virgin. The use of distinctly gospel themes and the preaching of the saving truths of the gospel were hardly known in the church of Italy maintained by the Roman Catholic Church. The Bible was excluded from Rome, and the people were left nothing at all but the mongrel system of pagan rites overlying and corrupting Christian truth that arose when the barbarian hordes from the north of Europe overran the beautiful plains of Italy and imposed many of their superstitions on the subdued, helpless people, to be incorporated into their ecclesiasticism, by which was brought about that eclipse of all that was brightest and best in Christian faith and manhood, recognized by all historians as "the Dark Ages." To restore the preaching of the gospel to Italy and to secure for its people the right to read the best literature in the world, that which has regenerated and elevated every land to which it has gone, that is, the Holy Scripture — this was the high purpose of the Methodist Episcopal Church in going into Italy, Archbishop Ireland and his "Methodist authorities" to the contrary notwithstanding. Never did a more heroic, courteous, and lofty-minded man set foot on the soil of Italy than he whom the Methodist Episcopal Church sent first to that glory-crowned land to unfurl the banner of a new unfolding of an old truth that once made it the garden of the world, and he received no instructions from the authorities of his Church to proselyte Roman Catholics, and he would have scorned them if he had. That the Methodists are not in Rome for the purpose of "proselyting Roman Catholics" is the testimony of Professor E. C. Riley, who if not "a Methodist authority" of Archbishop Ireland's kind, is at least a true and consistent friend of the church, and withal a competent and intelligent witness. He says in the "Central Christian Advocate" for April 20th, 1910:

"It is not true, as I know from intimate acquaintance with the Methodist work and workers in Rome, that the Methodist Church is

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guilty of insulting agitation and offensive proselytism which constitute a real warfare against the Holy Father and the Catholic religion. The Methodists have their hands more than full with those who come to them believing nothing and seeking light. Crandon Hall, in which I lived and taught for a year, is patronized by daughters of officials and leading families in Italy. The young ladies pay their own expenses, and the school is so overcrowded that it has been obliged to seek more capacious quarters outside Porta Salaria. Pope Leo XIII offered indulgences of no less than twenty-five days to any one who would keep pupils from the school! Although no proselyting has been done by the school or its friends, the attendance has been between two and three hundred. Miss Italia Garibaldi, granddaughter of the great General, has charge of the Garibaldi school for poor girls. She says she has never sought a pupil, but she cannot begin to accommodate all who come."

Everybody else connected with or acquainted with our work in Italy, except his Grace's "Methodist authorities," knows that "proselyting from the Roman Catholic Church" is no part of our mission in Rome.

I might present other considerations that were influential with our Missionary Board if space permitted and the argument required it, but it is always well to keep some ammunition in reserve. I have not and I would not touch certain moral conditions in Catholic countries that are well known to all well-informed people. The Roman Catholic Church ought to appreciate the courtesy and delicate respect of our Methodist and other Protestant editors in not detailing the awful conditions revealed when the lid was lifted off of the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba. I know that his Grace and the great body of Catholics in America condemn these things as heartily as the most pronounced Protestant does, but he can hardly deny that the Roman administration, if not responsible for them directly, is indirectly responsible, because it allowed them when it had power to suppress them. I believe the Archbishop is using his influence for a better life in all Catholic countries, and I trust the self-restraint of our editors will continue and that we shall have no nauseating discussion of things unsuitable for refined ears. I assure his Grace that we will all be delighted to aid him in any way within our power in concealing and curing the reproach of Zion. I would despise Protestantism if it gloried in parading the sins of the organization against which it is in protest, and I am sure it never will unless driven from its manifest discretion by continued misrepresentations and false accusations. We have in

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America the purest and best branch of the Roman Catholic Church to be found in the world, and we are ready to second its efforts in any way it will allow us to lift other Catholic countries to a higher moral and spiritual plane. May we not hope that there will be no more carping criticism, ransacking the earth for materials of accusation, magnifying of trifles, false constructions of motives, uncharitable judgments, and instead the cultivation of the spirit of unity, forbearance, and good-will? The world greatly needs the pure simple gospel of Christ, and it matters very little whether it receives it through Roman Catholic or Protestant channels, so it is pure and uncorrupted. The grand old Roman Catholic Church has had a long voyage, sailing through many very salty seas in the Dark Ages, and it is not strange if it accumulated a great many barnacles that disfigure and hinder it, and if it would consent to a good Protestant dry-docking I am sure we would not hurt a single plate of its hull made of fundamental theological doctrines and would then send it on its glorious way freed only of its human traditions, decrees of councils, and ecclesiastical pretensions that cause it so to roll and flounder in the rough sea in which it finds itself.

If there are any legitimate complaints against the Methodists in Rome, the constituted authorities will be prompt to consider and deal with them as their merits require. It would seem to be ordinary Christian prudence, however, to first notify the authorities of the Church of the matters complained of, in a courteous, formal way, before spreading them abroad in the secular prints. If his Grace, or any prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, will furnish competent proof of immoral conduct in any of our ministers or teachers in Italy, I am willing to assume the responsibility for having them expelled from the Italian conference and from membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. J. Walling Clark, superintendent of the mission, is a man of high culture, fine abilities, and most courteous Christian character. I have known him from his student days and will vouch for him that he will treat with utmost courtesy, sincerity and fidelity any complaints or suggestions made to him by any prelate of the Roman Catholic Church.

S. M. VERNON.

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THE DIALECTIC IMAGINATION.

BY JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, PROFESSOR OF LOGIC IN PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

It is no doubt natural, in a way, to associate the play of the imagination exclusively with the artistic temperament, and to think that it has no place in the experience of one who is immersed in the busy affairs of life and is brought into daily contact with plain facts and prosaic situations. On the contrary, however, there is a very important function which the imagination performs in the more sober processes of reason as well as in the flights of fancy. In matters of sentiment, of feeling, of taste, the imagination appears at play. In the offices of reason it serves quite a different function. It is there the imagination at work. The phrase, the dialectic imagination, will express this peculiar function—that of facilitating the work of the reason in the effort to solve the matter-of-fact problems of life. It is a function which is essentially logical.

This is the kind of imagination which builds upon fact. It is not merely the plaything of the fancy; it is an instrument of the reason. The business of interpreting the every-day experiences of life, and compelling them to serve ends of the greatest efficiency, is an art which in an especial sense is dependent upon the collaboration of the imagination. The imagination thus acts as the conceiving function of the mind. A fact, as a brute fact merely, is a matter of simple observation. The imagination is the mind's contribution to the given fact. No fact by itself is self-illuminating. It is like a diamond which is placed in a dark room. The light of a well-furnished mind must illumine the fact before it will flash back its radiance. The imagination is the eye of the mind. It is the inner vision alone which is capable of interpreting what the outer vision can only report. The hidden

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significance which any fact may possess, its relation to other facts, what it may suggest, its value in terms of the uses to which it may be put, all arise from the activity of the imagination. Every fact—that is, every significant fact—is to the mind so much raw material suggestive of indefinite possibilities. It has to be fashioned by the thought. It is to the mind what the block of marble is to the fancy of the sculptor. It must be dominated by an idea—that is, by the imagination.

A resourceful man in dealing with the every-day facts of experience must be able to picture them in a variety of possible settings and relations. He should possess what I would call the hypothetical instinct, the art of suggesting certain suppositions and of premising their necessary consequences. It is the ability to see the effect in the cause and the cause in the effect. The one who may have this gift is able to perform a series of ideal experiments with the facts in his possession. It is not necessary to put them to any actual test; in all probability it will be impossible or at least impracticable to do so. His imagination, however, can sketch in fancy various probable results which he will therefore accept or discard as a reasonable working hypothesis according to their promise of rewarding realization. A skill in supposition is merely a phase of the art of imagination.

Our body of knowledge is nothing more than an amorphous mass of unrelated facts unless it is touched by the imagination. The fancy gives form to knowledge, relating part to part and part to the whole. It exercises the art of generalship in massing facts in proper order and sequence, and in directing their movement according to a comprehensive plan. The body of knowledge must have life also as well as form. Fact without fancy is dead. The imagination, therefore, must be summoned in order to give life to knowledge.

In all reasoning the mind puts together its material in some new combination possessing a significance which the various parts taken separately could not in the remotest manner reveal. The power to work out new combinations of old material is the peculiar function of the imagination which in this manner gives a touch of originality even to the most commonplace tasks of life. By the constructive processes of the imagination every form of activity is widened in scope and deepened in efficiency by the brooding thought which sees things in the light of what they may

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become. It is the imagination which both sees the need and is capable of devising the means to meet it.

This provokes necessarily a critical spirit, a spirit of restlessness which chafes under the imperfections of the present because a vision of a better future sways before it. Discontent which is resourceful acts as a spur to the imagination. It is also the spirit of progress which discovers the possibility of improvement and presses towards its realization. An unimaginative people are proverbially unprogressive. They are satisfied with the present because they see no future. "Where there is no vision the people perish." However, the vision which comes to the prophet or to the far-seeing statesman is not merely the chance creation of the fancy. It is not the poet's vision. As Leibniz has said, "Every present is big with the future," and so the imagination which discerns the future is the imagination which sees and is able to interpret the necessary implications of the present. The seer's vision must be founded upon insight; otherwise his foresight can have no substantial basis in reality. The imagination pictures the future significantly only when the future appears as a necessary consequence of present conditions. It does not merely come after the present; it grows out of it. How can we know what is possible unless at the same time we are able to penetrate beneath the surface of what is actual? Penetration, indeed, is the root of prophecy. The imagination, therefore, cannot swing clear of the reason. Although in a certain sense the imagination is free, yet nevertheless it is conditioned. Its dependence in this phase of its activity is upon the guidance of the reason, and that in no sense is a limitation of its real freedom. That is a poor freedom indeed which scorns the lead of the reason, for the fancy which waits upon wisdom has by no means lost its spontaneity or the spirit of originality. The imagination in its æsthetic ventures may enter a region where the prosaic circumstances of life and the actual conditions of existence are consciously left behind; but throughout this sphere it is the imagination at play rather than at work. Even here it might be shown that the play of the fancy must indirectly at least obey those rules of the game which reality prescribes and the reason formulates. The unreal world of adventure, romance or poetry must nevertheless present a show of verisimilitude.

My contention is simply that the work of life, however prosaic

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it may seem to be, calls for an imaginative mind — a mind of vision and yet not visionary, fertile in device and yet withal essentially reasonable, grounded in common sense and yet not a slave to the obvious, eminently capable of meeting the possibilities of the future because appreciative of the significance of present condition and circumstance. Reason without the imagination is impotent. It may be able to deal with the commonplace and the routine, but it is feebly inadequate to cope with hidden possibilities. It sees the actual, but overlooks those elements of a potential nature in which the secret of success may be discovered. It moves in the round of habit, but cuts out before it no path of progress or way of reform. Its conservatism is a concession to inertia rather than adherence to principle. Custom is the natural anæsthetic both of the mind and of the will. And if a man's imagination is deadened by disuse, he can never think vigorously or see keenly. He will yield to the circumstances which confront him, and will not be able to overcome the inevitable obstacles or compel them to serve his purposes. He is blind to opportunity and has never heard the challenge of circumstance. He has no desire to invade the regions of the possible. The unimaginative mind is the dull mind, plodding and persevering, it may be, but with no vital touch. It is so dominated by the usual and the ordinary that it is inhospitable to those larger ideas which might provoke its hidden powers.

The mind not only deals with facts and things, but it has to do with persons as well. To live with men, to work with them, to control and direct them, requires a special gift which is very intimately dependent upon the imagination. It is the art of picturing to oneself the point of view of the other man. It is an appreciation which is born of sympathy; and sympathy is only a special phase of the imagination. To know the possibilities of men is a higher art than to know the possibilities of things. To understand what men think, and especially what they feel, to appreciate their needs and desires, their weaknesses and limitations as well as their strength, requires a power of divination to a consummate degree. To provoke the possibilities of others, there must be some range of fancy within oneself.

The imagination, however, is not only the instrument of the reason, providing its premises, massing its argument, discovering its proof and revealing the various possibilities of its application.

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It is more than this. It is the mind's support in those long stretches of patient expectation, when the predictions of reason have not yet been verified in fact. The intellect has its need of faith as well as the religious nature. The power to see the thing that must be and to believe in its ultimate fulfilment, to hope till hope creates

"From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,"

this is the high office of the imagination.

If, therefore, the imagination plays this important rôle throughout the whole range of our thinking, the question of its cultivation becomes a matter for serious consideration. It is a problem which concerns not merely the pleasures of appreciation and delights of the mind, but also the very efficiency and success of one's work itself. For this reason, then, there is a far greater need to exercise the powers of the imagination as a preparation for the practical pursuits of life than for the artistic. The artistic temperament is endowed by nature with the imaginative strain and its development will care for itself. But with a mind which is absorbed in affairs, it is far more imperative that the imagination should be quickened and its activity fashioned into habit.

It is rather a futile task to attempt the training of one's power of imagination in any direct manner; it is quite possible, on the other hand, to produce and foster an imaginative habit of mind by cultivating certain other habits which in turn will prove tributary to the end desired. Imagination is a spirit which must be wooed indirectly. There is, for instance, the possibility of quickening our powers of observation, not so much as regards the extent and accuracy of the external sense of sight, but rather in respect to the inner sense of interpretation and discernment. For it is the peculiar function of the mind's eye to correct the first impressions mediated by the senses, to amplify them, and, above all, to apprehend their deeper significance. The vision of thought always transcends the vision of sense. It was no flight of the fancy, but one of the more serious offices of imaginative reason which was capable of seeing behind the daily rising and setting of the sun, the complete Copernican programme of our solar system. This art of seeing beneath the surface and uncovering buried meanings is one in which we can acquire a skill if we will only take the pains persistently to exercise it.

There is still another habit which tends to stimulate our im-

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aginative faculty, namely, the endeavor in the exercise of our memory to reconstruct the original elements of an experience rather than merely restate them. The ability to recall facts literally in the same order and relations as one originally observed them illustrates the lowest order of memory. The man who is a bore usually has a good memory, but he has no imagination. The art of conversation consists in a certain skill of omission as well as that of emphasis. What not to say and what to lay stress upon, the imagination with its selective instinct alone can determine.

There is all the difference in the world between learning a lesson which we can repeat upon occasion and mastering a truth so that it becomes the ready servant of our thought. To assimilate knowledge rather than receive it whole requires a functioning of our imagination, for we must in our thoughts so transform the original elements of an experience that we can free them from local and temporal color and from the setting of particular circumstance, rendering them available for our purposes in other situations of a wholly different character. What we learn in one setting we usually wish to use in another, for experience rarely repeats itself in precisely the same manner or in the same order of events. It is, therefore, necessary in the acquisition of knowledge that we should endeavor to grasp the salient features of every situation, determining their true significance by a sifting process which will separate the essential from the non-essential.

This art of giving a universal significance to a particular incident is due to subtle alchemy of the mind by means of which the elements of knowledge are transmuted into forms admitting of significant application throughout the whole range of thinking and of action. To acquire this art one should endeavor to cultivate the habit of mastering a principle rather than learning a rule. A principle differs from a rule in this respect that it can deal adequately with the special case. The exception never proves the rule; it may, however, disclose some fundamental principle which is capable of explaining the exceptional case. That time-honored saying that the exception proves the rule is merely a mistranslation of the Latin proverb, *exceptio regulam probat,* which should read: the exception *tests* the rule. No rule is sufficiently fortified to withstand such a test unless there is a recognized principle behind it. A rule is a mere order of procedure, and one who has learned the rule is utterly at a loss whenever a strange

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situation suddenly confronts him to which the rule is not obviously applicable. It is necessary for him to penetrate the disguise of the exceptional case and to discover the fundamental principle behind it; and this is itself an act of the imagination.

Also much may be gained in increasing our powers of imagination by acquiring the habit of presenting to ourselves the problem which every significant experience in life suggests, namely, that of economy in adjusting means to ends. How may larger and more valuable ends be secured by a wiser choice of means? How may present conditions be improved? How may the traditional mistakes be avoided? How may we escape from the sway of the commonplace? These are some of the queries which tend to keep the mind alert and open to the possibility of a new order of things. The habit of contriving devices of improvement, or resourceful suggestion and progressive endeavor, is a constant spur to the imagination, whose power is increased with every new demand made upon it. Whatever the end of one's activity may be it must appear first of all in the form of an idea in the mind, an idea which sees the thing that ought to be and commands it. Reason may plan, but imagination holds the torch to light the way, and if a life is to have intelligent direction and successful issue it dare not scorn the lead of fancy born of reason.

The imagination, therefore, in the especial utility function which we have considered of increasing the sum total of life's efficiency is at the same time not wholly devoid of a certain æsthetical significance. For any labor which thought expands and directs according to a dominant idea is, in a sense, a work of art. There is always some one method which is superior in the completeness of its results to any other; there is always a way which is the most direct and most efficacious; there is always a process which gives the most valuable product; there is, in short, about everything, however prosaic and commonplace, an excellence which is ideal, and in whatever sense it is ideal it possesses an artistic value and significance. The craftsman who by the creative power of an idea discovers a hidden possibility in his craft and realizes it in actual form or deed is in that single respect at least an artist. It is the imagination which suggests possibilities of excellence, a better for every good, and beyond that a best whose shadow falls across attainment as a challenge and an inspiration.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

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SHALL THE NATION TAKE THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW?

BY FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT.

It was John Quincy Adams who said: "Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!" But Tacitus said it also—and said it first—some seventeen hundred years before. It is the first part of the injunction that each emphasized, and, since Adams's day, it has grown from the common to commonplace for other Presidential aspirants, incumbents and saviors of their country to bestir our patriotism with similar admonitions. Probably never, though, until Mr. Roosevelt's occupation of the office, did we have a President who was so zealous an advocate, so earnest a pleader for *posterity*.

"You are mighty poor Americans," avows Mr. Roosevelt, "if your care for the well-being of this country is limited to hoping that that well-being will last out your own generation." And he sounds warning that commercial disaster to the whole country is inevitable unless our forests can be made ready to meet the vast demands accompanying our future growth; that consideration of the fact that we are actually near such a crisis—within one generation of it, under present conditions—is now confronting the nation.

The early leaning exhibited by the Father of his Country toward tree-chopping has been splendidly imitated by his posterity. The millions of flashing blades of axe and saw that superseded the "little hatchet" have been wielded bravely and overtime since his day. Instead of flaking a few chips from a cherry tree, we now manage to topple enough trees annually to make forty billion board feet of lumber. For our yearly fire-wood, we stack up 100,000,000 cords. Being great home-builders, our little item

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for shingles and lathes is $30,000,000. Our national barrel bill, represented by the same amount, is something shocking, considering that Kentucky is shown to be largely responsible for it. Another thirty-million expenditure goes into mine-timber, posts, poles and other products. Every time the second-hand of your watch steps around its little circle, our marvellous activities have consumed over 1,900 posts and poles; it surpasses a billion in a year. In the matter of telegraph and telephone poles alone, the number of trees that yield their bodies in yearly sacrifice for this lofty purpose is three and one-half million; enough, if set forty feet apart, to string a wire from North to South Pole and back again, or once around the world.

And this is only a beginning; for it is when we come to the railroads that we are stunned by magnitudes. They demand the product each year of nearly one million forest acres; in other words, the annual denuding of a forest area just equal to the space occupied by our twenty largest cities. Much of this lumber goes into rolling-stock, bridges, fence-posts and various building materials, but over half is required for the single item of cross-ties. We speak heartlessly of "Weary Willies counting cross-ties," without realizing the tragic magnitude involved in such a census; for the counting would total 620 millions of cross-ties in the vast mesh of our American railways; 118 million brand-new ones being required annually.

Did you ever get your mental fingers around the fact that the value of all manufactured products of the United States exceeds that of Great Britain and Ireland, Germany and France combined? It is really not easy to get a good grip on what this means, but when you do have it safely in hand—can feel the bigness, the weight of it—take note of the little detail that the one single item of lumber ranks fourth among all the industries going to sum up this colossal national pre-eminence. Foods, textiles, iron and lumber; these four, with their kindred products, are the only ones of all our manufactures that require more than nine figures to express the value of the output. This is convincing enough as to the magnitude of wood as a factor; it is tremendous, astonishing, satisfying. It is the kind of "thriller" the American business man delights in when he tilts with the British merchant abroad and diverts himself by taking twists in the Leonine tail.

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But all of this magnificent enterprise with wood points to the cutting of a deal of timber; means the sacrifice of trees, world without end. When we say that last year, in the United States, we cut twenty-three billion cubic feet of wood, it simply means that we cut enough with which to make a solid, mountainous block or cube of wood very considerably over one-half mile high.

Oh! we have been going the pace—literally cutting a wide swath—with our timber inheritance! A little matter of 746 billion board feet since 1880; enough to make a ballroom floor one inch thick over 25,000 square miles of area. All the dancers in the world could gather thereon, for it would cover the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware. This means that in twenty-seven years we have used up an amount just equal to one-half of what was reported left standing at the last census (1900).

We have cut this timber because we needed it; and our activities and prosperity have absorbed it; and it would be all right if the increment of new timber kept pace with our cutting. But note the Government's official warning: "The present annual consumption of wood is from three to four times as great as the annual increment [growth] of our forest." If in 1900 we had about 1,400 billion feet left standing, what do you suppose we have to-day? In the twenty years previous to the last census, our population increased fifty-two per cent., but our cut of lumber increased ninety-four per cent. It seems certain that unless something is done, and done quickly, the wood-supply of this country will scarcely last out even another generation. "Twenty to thirty years" is the estimate given by ex-Chief Forester Pinchot, and this fiat gleams like red light athwart our way.

Thirty years! A treeless, woodless land in thirty years! Why, if we could believe or realize it, it would be appalling. Yet, if we were to begin reforesting our denuded country to-day, it would be one hundred and thirty years before the crop of trees would reach the average age of those which we cut for timber in the year 1909. These one hundred and thirty years-old trees which we are felling to-day were saplings when Germany, having squandered her forest domain, was in very much the condition we are now. At that time, when the smoke of the guns of the

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"Minute Men" at Lexington still hovered on the edge of a Massachusetts forest, the Germans were bravely planting trees upon the sites their ancestors had cleared. And now, the trees that they planted are forests, carefully conserved; and that Massachusetts forest through which the Minute Men marched has long since passed away. In other words, in the whirligig of time we are where the Germans were one hundred and thirty years ago.

But in the matter of the forests, aside from the mere question of future timber provision, it is apparent that in most of the East and Middle West the process of denudation has about reached the extreme limit of prudence. The alarmed attention of thoughtful Easterners is being directed more and more every year to the unbalanced alterations of floods and droughts consequent upon the reckless spoliation of the timbered water-sheds and the consequent denuding of plateaus and slopes of their sponge-like, water-holding leaves, shrubs and grasses. The public has become educated to the fact that these things act as reservoirs, restraining and conserving the annual water-flow to springs and the tributary head-streams of rivers. We are beginning to understand pretty generally that, under the ideal condition, this flow is restrained and kept steady, permitting evaporation to proceed uniformly, with the result that rains minister seasonably to crops.

Not only this, but the humble service of the leaves and grasses helps to save something more precious, more essential to man than all the minerals yet unmined; this is the very bosom of Mother Earth itself—the soil. The fact of the abandonment of 1,000 worn-out farms in the State of New York made occasion two or three years ago for a foregathering at Syracuse to consider remedial measures. But westward, to the Mississippi Valley, farmers are uniformly confronted by the same calamitous wasting of soil tissue. We have reached a point now where American farmers are expending fifty-five millions a year on fertilizers, while our rivers are casting into the arms of the sea millions of tons of that precious transmuting powder that Nature, in her laboratory, has been ages in compounding. One river alone—the great Mississippi—expels into the Gulf every year enough silt to make a solid plateau 260 feet high with a base of one mile square; or expressed mathematically in other terms, a quantity of finely divided soil sufficient to plaster to the depth of one foot over 166 million acres of abandoned farms.

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Are we going to be as penitent and wise as Germany, now that we have had our fling, or shall we continue to revel in our timber greed, "let posterity go hang"—as one lumber baron expresses it—and leave after us a legacy of naked hills scourged by torrential rains, valleys swept by Johnstown Floods, river-beds choked with silt, with all the accompaniments of drought, deprivation for man and beast, famine and pestilence?

Conditions we find to-day in many older countries are prophetic of our fate. Long ago the French were sobered by some of these problems and passed restrictive laws governing tree-cutting upon both public and private domains. They have recently appropriated $18,000,000 for more tree-planting, an amount equal to the damage wrought in four years by the floods of our own Ohio. China's civilization at the end of her 2,000 years is an object-lesson of hapless conditions peculiar to a treeless land. The Orient that we read of as once flowing with milk and honey is another deforested world that has had its day. Spain, once the granary of the world, is an agricultural wreck due to conditions which her statesmen ascribe to the destruction of her forests.

But in all the history of the world, no country has been so wantonly destructive of its forested area as our own. Fifty years ago, the Northeastern States furnished over half of the total lumber product of this country; to-day they furnish less than one-sixth. As for the Lake States, their product has been rapidly decreasing since 1890; that of the Southern States is now at its maximum with thirty-five per cent.; and now Forest-Inspector Kellogg points out that "the time of the ascendency of the Pacific States is rapidly approaching." He adds significantly that "there will be no more shifting after the Pacific States take first place, since there is no new region of virgin timber to turn to."

Therefore, the West—the far West—is soon to be the last rallying-ground of the nation's timber reserve. Beyond the Rockies lie the grandest forests in the world. The one Pacific State of Oregon, alone, easily contains more timber than all of New England, with Ohio, New Jersey and little Delaware thrown in. And it is here in the far West that Uncle Sam owns that great domain called the Public Lands—a vast ramifying area withheld from the newer communities when they passed from Territories into States.

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Rare indeed is the wealth of mineral deposits that Nature has hidden under the surface of our public lands. Some of the stores of recoverable coal seem almost inexhaustible. The coal lands of Routt County in Colorado which were withdrawn from entry by order of ex-President Roosevelt, are alone estimated to contain a volume of coal equal to all that the nation has burned up within the period of its existence. The ex-President's avowed purpose in temporarily withdrawing these coal lands from entry was not to rob the citizen of his heritage, but to prevent this wealth from passing into the hands of large private owners, as is the case in the East, and as, unhappily, has been the case with the timber wealth of almost the entire country; his purpose, expressed in his own words, is: "To get our people to look ahead, to exercise foresight, and to substitute a planned and orderly development of our resources in the place of a haphazard striving for immediate profit." Moreover, the ex-President reminded us that unorganized or mineral resources, once consumed, can never be replaced, such stores not being accumulative within the span of any nation's life. On the other hand, a timber stand, if properly administered, is like a well-regulated farm, and can be made to yield a product for a thousand years. At the end of this period, it should contain as many trees as the day the woodman's blade was first applied.

Among the "natural resources" belonging to the nation not the least in value is the grazing forage upon the open public domain—what we call the "range." Through Nature's mysterious processes, millions of tons of grass which otherwise would go to waste are every year converted into good beef, hides, mutton and wool for the feeding and clothing of the nation. Unlike trees, this forage is a surface product having only a brief and passing value; it is the gift of a year; a benison for to-day rather than for to-morrow.

Conservationists have had it urged upon them that the great Western ranges are being destroyed by over-grazing and that there should be some system of Federal control and a tax assessed for the grazing privilege. However, these warnings and recommendations seem to come almost entirely from large stockmen and forestry officials, for Western communities have uniformly protested against and repudiated the representations. In fact, to-day, the cattleman of large operations is, in the very letter

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and meaning of the words, being forced "to seek fresh fields and pastures new." He urges that the remaining 300 million acres reserved for settlement be turned over to lessees for grazing purposes, under a system of Federal control through the Forestry Service. Under this plan, large operators in cattle and sheep would be able to fence up blocks of as much as 10,000 acres for periods of ten years. It would be a stockmen's empire, actually larger in extent than Great Britain and Ireland, the German Empire and France.

With our countrymen of the Rocky Mountain States, the homesteader has first consideration; like the ex-President, they are "for the settler—first, last and always for the settler." And it is the homesteader on the public lands who is steadily and surely contracting the borders of the mighty empire over which the picturesque "cowboy" and "cattle baron" so long have reigned supreme. It is not to be wondered at that the latter views with dismay the encroachments of the man with the hoe and the plough and deprecates the appropriation to agriculture of what had come to be regarded as a private reserve—a boundless, grassy sea, created especially for vast fleets and "outfits" of tawny cattle which for so long have swept the untrammelled range.

But any system which will permit the public lands to be fenced up will probably retard settlement and place an inhibition upon the development of the West. In the words of the "Denver Republican":

> "Public lands should be held for people who will make homes and build up these commonwealths into great, prosperous, self-supporting members of the Union. To devote the range to lease-holders to be occupied by cattle and sheep would defeat this use; for, whatever might be said about the theoretical right to locate homesteads, every one knows that practically settlers would be excluded."

Lord Macaulay predicted that "the first great test of republican institutions will come to the United States coincidently with exhaustion of the area of available free homes." Whatever prescience lies in this statement only Time can reveal, but the nice precision in the word "available" is significant. Since the United States went into the land business, more than two billion acres on this continent have been acquired for sale and disposal. All that we have left is a small remnant reserved for free homes for the settler. We have 168 million acres in national forests

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and, exclusive of Alaska, an unappropriated domain of 386,873,787 acres. This is the last of the nation's public lands. The public lands have ever been a shining target for some adventurous game. Many are the schemes, deviously and adroitly disguised as enterprises for the public weal, which the Congress has had to resolutely confront and thwart in recent years. We have grown wise from sad experience in the past. The West need have no apprehension of the East in the matter of the conservation of our natural resources, nor need the East cherish apprehension that the West is not anxious and capable in conserving conditions for its citizens of to-day as well as posterity.

Western people are the only ones directly in touch with our national forests. They, more than all others in the land, are interested in preserving these forests for the purposes originally contemplated by the public and the Congress—namely, conservation of timber growth and the protection of watersheds. It is my observation in the West that this original purpose is universally popular among all classes; therefore it would seem that the real responsibility for success of the institution of National Forests rests mainly in wise *administration.*

Shall the nation take thought for the morrow?

There is more in the question than appears upon its face. Probably the *crux* of it lies in this: We must take thought for the morrow, but we must not shut the door of opportunity in the face of our countrymen and contemporaries of to-day; we must be careful not to place impediments in the way of the development of our younger States.

On the other hand, there can be no East against West, nor West against East, in a land that is facing a national disaster in the calamitous sweeping away of its forests. It is a time for mutual understandings, concessions and co-operation; the end being, that in that far-off to-morrow, our children's children may still rejoice to find that

> "In the desert a fountain is springing;
> In the wide waste there still is a tree."

FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT.

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HAECKEL, A COLOSSUS OF SCIENCE.

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

THE last Olympian figure of the science of evolution in the nineteenth century is that of the venerable, resolute and optimistic Ernst Haeckel. Like a Titan who has laid aside his arms and implements and composed himself to rest after a laborious and stormy life, he sits throned upon a mountain of masterly accomplishment and looks with a smile upon the new days in which the harvests of his thought are growing. This silver-haired, blue-eyed Luther of Science, gifted with the spirit of perennial youth, is the last of a small but mighty band. Darwin, Huxley and Spencer were the other great and contemporaneous lights of this system of suns. But as the most modern and the most active of them all, he may be said to embody in himself and his labors the latest expression of the theory of evolution.

The history of Haeckel's enormous achievements and his inspiring life forms one of the most stirring epics of human activities; the real significance of his herculean tasks and investigations still lies beyond conjecture in the summary of thought and culture. Few men, indeed, have so completely rounded out their purposes and plans, few have brought to so honorable and lofty a close the endeavors, ambitions and aspirations of their lives. About this vital and puissant personality of Haeckel, so warmly touched with all that is sweet, affable and human, so in contrast with the cold formalism of science, the dust-clouds of embittered contention have scarcely yet been laid. Fierce and persistent antagonism has been his, not so much because of the destructive tendency of his teachings as of that which was constructive. His teaching is not only the foe of the ancient and moribund creeds, but also their competitor. It has been bitterly resented that this master biologist, with his poetic imagination and salient impulse

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towards philosophy, should have dared to venture beyond the boundaries of his particular branch of science to build up a creed or system of ethics for the modern man out of the facts of his investigations and the deductions of his vast research. It was not granted him to apply the truths he discovered to human life nor to shape a religion from them. Yet it is this very audacity that has given to him the glamour and the prestige he now enjoys, for he has been able to fire the imaginations of mankind in a measure hitherto attained by few men of science. Fearless, militant and exuberant crusader for truth, he has built himself a monument in the heads and hearts of humanity and has realized immortality while still living.

Born at Potsdam in 1834, he grew into a joyous child with large blue eyes and blond ringlets, and something of this ingenuous beauty and radiance of happiness has clung to the scientist through all his years. His first bent was towards botany, and for his encouragement in this he has remained eternally grateful to his mother, as witness this dedication of his "Indian Travel Letters" to her in her eighty-fourth year:

"It wast thou who from my earliest childhood didst nurture and perfect in me a feeling for the unending beauties of Nature. When I was a growing youth thou didst teach me in good time the value of the hours and the joy of work. Thou hast guided my various and changing destinies with all the inexhaustible care and devotion which find their expression only in that single word—Mother-love."

While the youthful Haeckel went botanizing beautifully through the fields, his awakened soul agitating itself with tremendous questions, the colossal intellect of Darwin was striving with its deep problems at his quiet Kentish home. Goethe had exercised a powerful influence upon the phantasy of Haeckel, and by degrees the crystalline conception of the cosmos held by the majestic poet began to dominate his thought. He began to seek God in the Nature about him. Humboldt's "Aspects of Nature," Schleiden's "Plants and Their Life" and Darwin's "Travels of a Scientist around the World" were three other works that formed and influenced him. Then, under the guidance of the famous Alexander Braun, the young and ambitious student made amazing progress in botany. But now entered the factor of parental authority with the command: "First choose a profession that will bring you bread before you take up with profitless hobbies!"

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The profession of medicine was determined upon — medicine, through whose channels Haeckel was to be led from botany unto zoology. After three semesters at Würzburg he withdrew to Berlin and came under the potent influence of the great Johannes Müller, the magic of whose presence and personality was said to be irresistible. Under Müller he made a study of comparative anatomy. A splendid friendship sprang up between the master and his pupil, and in the fierce intensity of his studies Haeckel began to lose sight of the professional career in medicine to which his father hoped to see him devote himself. But at the request of the elder Haeckel he went back to the University of Würzburg for three further semesters. Here he became the pupil and later the assistant of the famous Rudolf Virchow, between whom and Haeckel there was to result in after years an unrelenting scientific antagonism.

"In three semesters," says Haeckel, "Virchow taught me the art of the most delicate analytical observation. But that which inspired me most during these days at Würzburg was Virchow's wide, prophetic insight and his deep philosophic and scientific ideas."

At last, to appease his father, young Haeckel settled down to the practice of medicine. It is with delicious irony that he tells of the three patients that sought his services, one with a sprained finger, another with a broken rib, the third with a slight fever. So that his time might be all his own for his passionate studying, Dr. Haeckel set his office hours between five and six in the morning! At last the stern father relented and permitted his son to sally forth to the Mediterranean to pursue his investigations. Full of the joy of life, and burning with a scientific ardor comparable only to that of a great creative artist, he roved through Italy, firmly set upon that road he was henceforth to follow to his vast ultimate renown.

While he was toiling beside the Strait of Messina, discovering new species of *Radiolaria,* that epochal work of Darwin's, "The Origin of Species," was quietly launched in London. Its effect upon Haeckel was overpowering. New beauties, truths and revelations burst upon him; the last shreds of doubt and the last fetters of superstition fell from him and life and the universe expanded before his vision as in an apotheosis. But the restless spirit of the young German could not confine itself to the narrow, purely

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scientific limits imposed upon the theory of evolution by the conservative, unimaginative Darwin, still fearful of the thunders of aggressive orthodox theology. Haeckel's vision darted beyond that of the great Englishman and beheld in the portentous discovery—to use the words of one of his biographers, Dr. Otto Gramzow—"the germ of a new conception of the universe." And in the expansion and generalization of this idea lay all the subsequent strength and weakness of his philosophy. His impatience with capitulations to orthodoxy at once betrays itself:

"If Darwin still assumes a special act of creation for the primal species, I hold this to be inconsequential, and as it appears to me, not meant seriously. But entirely apart from this and other shortcomings, Darwin's theory has even now rendered the immortal service of having brought meaning and intelligence into the whole scheme of the relation of species."

In 1861, behold Haeckel as "privat-dozent" at Jena—the stronghold of the metaphysics of Hegel and the idealism of Schiller! In the following year, he was established in the chair of zoology at the university and married to his cousin, Anna Sethe. Then, in 1863, amid laughter, jeers and ridicule, he raised the banner of evolution in the face of all the assembled scientists of Germany at a congress in Stettin and closed his defiant utterance thus:

"These attacks will never stem Progress. For Progress is one of Nature's laws, which no human force, neither the arms of tyrants nor the curses of theology, can ever permanently crush."

Hostile camps formed themselves to wage war against the new idea, and at their head stood the imposing and dignified figure of Virchow. Haeckel calmly withdrew to his peaceful Jena to forge new weapons, and here, in 1864, Fate dealt him a terrible blow in the loss of his beloved wife. Driven almost to despair and threatened with a devastating melancholia, he sought to master his sorrow by plunging headlong into the stupendous labors that gave to the world his monumental work on "General Morphology." Three or four hours' sleep was all he allowed himself, and when the work was completed he lay exhausted. Then followed a brief visit to Darwin at Down, in Kent. Haeckel's words upon this meeting are interesting:

"As the coach stopped before the cheerful, ivy-covered country house, shaded by fine elms, I saw the great investigator coming towards me.

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He stepped from out the shadow of the vine-mantled porch — a tall, venerable figure, with the bowed shoulders of an Atlas, carrying a world of thought, a Jovean brow like that of Goethe, lofty and broadly vaulted, furrowed deep by the plough of intellectual toil, soft, kindly eyes overshadowed by a heavy pent-house roof of beetling brows, and a sensitive mouth framed by an opulent, silver-white beard. The hearty, captivating expression of the whole face, the sweet, soft voice, the slow, thoughtful utterance, the natural and naif succession of ideas in his conversation, took my whole heart by storm, just as his great masterpiece had before seized upon my whole intellect. It seemed to me that I stood in the living presence of some exalted cosmic sage, some Socrates or Aristotle."

Darwin confessed his adherence to the views of Haeckel, yet the conservatism of the older man acted at times as a restraint upon his zealous disciple. Then came Haeckel's journey to the Canary Islands, originally for recuperation, yet resulting in many fertile labors. Indefatigable, constant work, book after book given to the world, thousands of scholars following the growing light of his fame and crowding his classes, his whole effort bent upon diffusing the knowledge he gathered with such pains and precision —these things now filled Ernst Haeckel's life year after year.

In 1877 came the famous clash with Virchow, brought about by Hackel's advocating the teaching of evolution in the common schools in his lecture at Münich, "The Present Study of Evolution in its Relation to General Knowledge." Virchow in a strangely reactionary spirit and malevolent manner attacked his former pupil in a discourse entitled, "Concerning the Freedom of Science in Modern Government." He denounced Darwinism as socialistic and called for strenuous opposition to it. Haeckel, in a brilliant and masterly brochure, "Free Science and Free Instruction," gave a triumphant answer to his former teacher. Even the gentle Darwin was moved to write his friend:

"Virchow's conduct is shameful, and I hope he will some day feel the shame."

Haeckel's attitude of challenge towards all that would impede him in his fearless search for truth marshalled many enemies against him. One distinguished theologian sought to cut short his professorial career by direct appeal to the old Archduke Karl Alexander, a veteran of the great days of Weimar, who had been face to face with Goethe.

"Do you think that this man really believes the things he teaches?" the Archduke asked the minister.

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"Yes, that is just the trouble—I'm sure he does."

"Well, then, he is merely doing the very same thing as yourself," remarked the Archduke, dryly, and the audience was closed.

Tempting offers, with royal salaries attached, were made to Professor Haeckel to occupy the chairs of zoology and biology at the great English and American universities, but in vain, for nothing would induce him to leave his ancient and beloved Jena, that fortress of intellectual strength and liberty. Over forty eminent scientific works now stood to his credit, as well as innumerable medals, diplomas and titles, for every year brought fresh honors.

Nevertheless, it was only with the publication of his great "Riddle of the Universe" in 1899, followed by "The Wonders of Life" in 1904, that the arrows of his thought and aspiration found their marks in the minds of mankind at large. The colossal success of the controversial "Riddle" was something unparalleled in the history of works of science. It popularized and made plain the natural philosophy and religion of Haeckel's Monism to minds that had hitherto remained untouched by a single ray of the serene light of modern investigation. This work has been translated into over a score of languages, and almost equal in number its readers, from the humblest to the most cultured, those of the Bible. Whirlwinds of passionate attack and defence followed upon the rapid editions of the book, which, imperfect sketch that the master proclaimed it, was nevertheless seized upon, not as propounding, but as dogmatically answering those tremendous enigmas before which man has stood silent and aghast since the dawn of time. To many it seemed heresy that a scientist should dare utter a philosophy of religious ethics or hypotheses that were but daring conjectures. With these two works, Haeckel sought to write *Finis* under the enormous labors of his lifetime, sought to cap the apex of his achievements with this brilliant and final burst of his genius, a climax that presented with all the remarkable vision and absorbing romance of truth, the results of his ceaseless probing into the mysterious sources of existence. The magnificent accomplishment of the aged thinker was like the heroic charge of some youthful Titan upon the brazen heavens where the gods of old were throned. Its effect upon the public was one of mingled terror, amazement, furious resentment and wide-spread acclaim.

The great riddles which Haeckel propounds are four: Man,

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Soul, World and God. It will prove luminous to seize briefly upon the essence of Haeckel's Monism, and his comprehensive conception of Substance and its all-pervading laws. It is on this point that the philosopher of Jena has been attacked as a gross materialist, a worm that preferred the dust, a being of the earth earthy, since the very term itself is fraught with a false and debasing significance. From Haeckel we must revert to Spinoza for the first lucid and unified modern conception of substance, for in his view, substance is the one recognizable expression of the cosmos. Substance manifests itself in the universe in the attributes of Thought and Extension. In the field of Thought we realize psychic phenomena; in the field of Extension, corporeality as individual manifestations or activities of substance. There is but one Substance, and Matter and Energy are its inseparable attributes. Two distinct scientific axioms support this inalienable truth. The first is the chemical law of the Conservation of Matter, discovered by Lavoisier in 1789: Matter can undergo no annihilation, but merely a manifold alteration. The second axiom is the co-related law of the Conservation of Energy, discovered by Robert Mayer in 1842, The Sum of all Active Energy in Space is Absolutely Constant. As matter is indestructible, so too is energy. When a force expends itself, it is merely converted into another force. Mechanics, heat, light, electricity, thought itself, as verified by the modern processes of mental healing and the many vague irregularities of "new thought," are all but forms or modifications of this original primal force.

Chemistry has made plausible the analogous hypothesis of an original or primal matter to which it has given the name of protyl. Therefore, if these laws apply to both the organic and the inorganic world all Being is merely a constant exchange of Force accompanied by a constant exchange of Matter. And since Force and Matter are but attributes of one and the same thing, the Law of Substance remains distinct as the one basic canon of the universe. It governs the unity of the world and against its everlasting immutability the fanciful structures of metaphysics crumble into a heap. Upon these simple, fundamental and incontrovertible truths of the Law of Substance the philosophy of Monism has been built up. It is incompatible with all ancient dualistic conceptions of Deity and the World, Spirit and Nature,

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Force and Matter. It has placed the helm of human progress, thought and spiritual development in the hands of the greater natural philosophy as the power which is alone able to satisfy the demands of modern reason.

The Monism of to-day is, however, still an imperfect and incomplete system. There is still many a gap, and many an hiatus, and these the daring and speculative mind of Haeckel has ventured to bridge in anticipation. He guesses, undauntedly, at the solutions of the stupendous riddles, and stands inflexibly upon his basic fact of the divine all-inclusive nature of Substance—its immutability, its motion, its sentience and its innate will. As science pushed her bright ramparts farther and farther into the darkest fields of the unknown the enthusiastic Haeckel was ill content to remain passively sheltered behind the slowly growing mounds of facts, but leaped boldly into the breach and flung his trained imagination forward beyond the lines. Induction and deduction are his weapons, howsoever the shield of logic sometimes fails to cover him in the fields of what is still inscrutable. Yet even here his method must be held to be the only possible one through which the sphere of knowledge may be enlarged. For to him the "soul" is not a substance, but a phenomenon of Nature, and therefore psychology becomes inevitably a part of natural science, and its only possible and reasonable method of study naturally falls into the divisions of observation, experiment, evolution and philosophical speculation.

For Haeckel there can be no reconciliation between faith and knowledge, as in the grotesque and pathetic attempts of Sir Oliver Lodge;—for to him there is but one real source of truth and that is Nature. His method is entirely realistic and Aristotelian. The ethical and moral significance of the world-religion of Monism he bases upon the three inspiring ideals of the True, the Good and the Beautiful, deeming these sufficient for the most exalted life of man. In this he speaks again as Spinoza and Goethe spoke. He has even declared the establishment of a cultural Monistic Church to be one of the tasks of the twentieth century—"a church upon whose high altar the figure of Urania may be throned, symbolizing in the movements of the heavenly bodies, the almighty operation of the eternal Law of Substance."

Serene, crowned with kingly honors and filled with a radiant optimism and a deep faith in humanity, this aged Homeric

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thinker now lives in retirement at his handsome villa in idyllic Jena. To look into the mellow, clear blue eye, to listen to the buoyant and youthful enthusiasm of his speech or hear the wonderful crystalline laughter ringing from a heart of almost child-like innocence, are the more impressive as they stand in relation to the Titanic mind, energy and achievement represented by the famous evolutionist. His silver locks bared to the autumn sun, we walked together through the pretty streets of the picturesque Thüringian town, he chatting gayly and swinging his great pilgrim's hat of soft beaver—a peculiar headgear resembling the slouch hats of Bismarck. Some unknown admirer of the scientist sends him one of these costly hats every four months. Close to the Zoological Institute nestles a little garden above a brook which flows past Haeckel's study windows. Here we sat down before a massive stone table—the same at which Schiller wrote his "Wallenstein," and Goethe drank his Rhenish wine in the fair old days. Later, as we strode through the charming public park called "Das Paradies," or edged along the waterways of Jena's "Little Venice," Haeckel, speaking happily as one speaks of his family or familiars, touched upon the diversified plant and animal life in air, earth and water. A sweep of his hand, a few words, and the beauty of the surrounding hills lay expressed in poetic phrases or their ancient secrets revealed in geologic terms.

In his study lie the monuments of his toil, arousing in the beholder an inevitable astonishment even at their physical magnitude. His more than fifty volumes were all written and copied by his own hand, the thousands of exact and delicate drawings in his works were all executed by himself, the endless specimens in his museum were gathered, mounted and labelled without the help of a single person other than his faithful old body-servant, Pohle. The artist soul in Haeckel often leaps to the fore both in pictorial and literary expression. His huge portfolios bulge with over a thousand landscape sketches in water-color, executed with a fine, free technique and splendid color sense—glimpses of Ceylon and India, Roman ruins, ice fields and bergs, Norwegian fjords, seascapes of Corsica, Java or Teneriffe, deserts of Africa and mountains of Malaysia—all these he laid before me with a joy beautiful to behold. He has brought new *motifs* and materials to the art-world in the shape of wonderful shells, ethereal forms and iridescent colorings of strange, graceful ani-

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mals flower-like and translucent as spirits. Many artists, designers and architects have begun to make use of this fresh material as presented to them in his recent work, "Art-forms of Nature."

"Science shall give new life to all the arts," he said to me; "poetry itself shall find a new and noble inspiration here and grow greater since it will feed on greater truths."

On February 16th of last year, the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, Haeckel resigned his professorship at Jena. Great festivities were held in his honor, but contrary to his desire. The students gave a torchlight procession, the Kaiser, whom he had at times criticised, had conferred upon him the title of Excellency, State Councillor, and tributes, eulogies and gifts rained upon him from everywhere. He dedicated a splendid new building, the Museum of Evolution, as a gift to the University. It was built at his own expense and is the only institution of its kind in the world. The frescoes of its many rooms consist of vivid adaptations of wonderful deep-sea forms of life. Haeckel's entire time is now devoted to the installation of the countless exhibits, so that this monument may stand as the sum and symbol of the Evolution of to-day, as he himself may be said to be the greatest expression and exponent of the life philosophy he has built upon it.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

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WAR AND PEACE: THE MILITARY POINT OF VIEW.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. MONROE, COAST ARTILLERY CORPS, U. S. A.

In Rousseau's words, "War is the foulest fiend ever vomited forth from the mouth of hell"; and the same outcry against war has been heard in every age of the world's history. Poets, philosophers, historians, the sacred books of the East,—all unite in condemning war. In each successive age till now, war has incurred the fiercest denunciations of the holiest, wisest and best of men; and of all men, none are more in sympathy with the public sentiment against war than military men. Eminent soldiers have testified to their abhorrence of war. Napoleon declared it the trade of barbarians. Wellington wrote to Lord Shaftesbury: "War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another." Washington said, "My first wish is to see this plague of mankind, war, banished from the earth." General Sherman wrote that he was "tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is Hell."

Primitive man was a savage, endowed with cruel and ferocious instincts, but likewise with moral sensibility and gentler virtues, destined to work the miracle of civilization. Age upon age elapsed, century after century passed into antiquity, before there began to move within the human breast the mysterious influences of enlightenment and culture. The first groping of mankind towards enlightenment seems to have manifested itself in a crude and vague religious sense, with a glimmering recognition of a supreme being and the admission of authority predominating over the will. Yielding to fear, no doubt, the pagan mind sur-

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rendered a portion of its primitive self-sufficiency; and stubbornly and rebelliously man was forced by the gods of pagan mythology to admit his impuissance and weakness in the presence of authority. This sanction of authority, with its origin in fetichism and superstition, is the cornerstone of the vast and magnificent structure which we call civilization.

All down the ages men have been coming more and more under the restraining influences of authority. The pages of history reek with the bloodshed of contests for supremacy. For be it known, mankind has never willingly submitted to authority. The downfall of the feudal system, the defiance of papal authority, and the denial of the divine right of kings are but successive steps in the grand march of civilization towards universal autonomy, towards the recognition of authority, when every man shall be free, recognizing clearly the freedom of other men, and the world, at last, shall be at peace. Civilization has not reached that point yet, far from it. National life to-day is a struggle, as it has always been, a contest for supremacy and maintenance of sovereignty.

It has been truly said that so long as selfishness and greed and the willingness and the brutality to do injustice continue in this world, we must have the policeman; and the international policeman whose presence makes the use of his club unnecessary is the army and the navy. But the idealist, in his impatience, turns upon the army and navy in derision and anger, like the bull when he spies the red flag at the crossing, charging madly upon the innocent symbol of danger, but deaf to the rush and the roar and the shriek of the engine. In a frenzied diatribe, entitled "The Delusion of Militarism," which appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," March, 1909, the Rev. Charles Edward Jefferson, D.D., considers his "turbulent and war-rumor-tormented" twentieth century, and reaches the conclusion that "the world is bewildered and plagued, harassed and tormented by an awful delusion," that "the nations are in the clutches of the militarists and no way of escape has yet been discovered." A veritable Rip Van Winkle, while he rubs his eyes and is able to discern only phantoms of his own sick imagination, the world is still advancing in its struggle towards universal autonomy.

Peace will come with the universal admission of authority; and that is the ideal of civilization, but how far mankind is from

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the achievement of the ideal is easily seen. Civilization, culture, polish, refinement,—all these terms have reference to a change in man, not indeed natural but exceedingly artificial and moral in its nature. Let it not be forgotten, men do not yield willingly to authority. It has been truly said that laws are capable of enforcement only so far as they are in agreement with the opinions of the community in which they are to be enforced. In other words, the force of law is the public opinion which prescribes it. The grace of civilization is like a yoke; the moral virtues are all sacrificial. Human will is stubborn and submits with difficulty to any recognition of authority; and how persistent a trait of human nature it is, we very well know. The ideal of civilization is so far from achievement that we may say: civilization is only a crust; culture, a veneer; polish and refinement, skin-deep. Human passions are constantly breaking out to consume and devastate, like the veritable fires of hell. What crimes are not committed by men in this enlightened day of the twentieth century? How quickly men lapse into barbarism when the spirit of the mob is upon them! And mob violence is not confined to brutal and unintelligent men; nor is the spirit of the anarchist restricted to the followers of red flags. Nevertheless, thin as the crust may be, civilization has transformed mankind and we pride ourselves on being less ferocious and cruel than the savages. The mind is ever bent on high ideals, and somewhere in the breast of the lowliest smoulders the spark of a moral nature, ready to burst into flames of purification and sacrifice when the proper influences are present. The struggle between good and evil is identically the struggle between the natural and the moral instincts that has been raging in the breasts of men ever since the dawn of civilization.

Peace will not come through the hot temper of the thoughtless and of the inconsiderate, of those who vainly cry from the housetops, "Peace! Peace!" yet lack in their hearts that spirit of justice upon which alone peace can be founded. The entire world yearns for peace, and except in rare instances war is not made nowadays for the mere love of war. We have passed, in the development of modern civilization, from the old days when war was a trade, when men fought for the pleasure of it. We have not achieved the ideal yet, we probably never shall; but a comparison of the present with the past reveals the wonderful

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progress of civilization, and we are encouraged to see that in all the qualities of mind and heart that make for peace, the world is improving; and no one can fail to see that the tendency of human development is ever towards peace and good-fellowship among nations. But so long as private interests are ruled by selfishness and greed, and so long as public opinion tolerates contemptuous treatment of authority, and permits bad faith and worse manners in relations of an international character, wars of necessity must come. Since men have never ceased to quarrel with and misunderstand one another, private war is brought on among individuals; and since the test of a structure lies in the strength of its weakest members, it follows that national pride and sensitiveness are even more keenly alive to insult than can be so in the case of individuals.

International law,—the code of international etiquette,—something unheard of until comparatively recent times, is based solely on the sanction of authority recognized by civilized nations; and so far as war is concerned, international law cannot control it. Something stronger than law is needed; public sentiment must deal with it. It has been truly said that when public opinion has risen to such height all over the world, that the peoples of every country treat the peoples of every other country with the human kindness that binds home communities together, we shall see an end of war—and not till then. We inherit the warlike propensity; our fighting ancestors have bred pugnacity into our bone and sinew, and thousands of years of peace could not breed it out of us. Popular enthusiasm is but too easily aroused at the prospect of war. Let the daily papers rouse public opinion to a certain fighting pitch, and nothing can withstand it.

The charge is unblushingly made by the peace enthusiasts that the professional soldier encourages war, that the fountains from which flow the dark and swollen streams of war-rumor are located within the military and naval encampments. The great military leaders of the world realize the vital importance of strong military establishments as a safeguard of the national welfare. Our military leaders are expected to study the difficult problems of warfare, and the nation reposes special confidence in these chosen servants as the watchmen on duty, alert for any danger within or without the walls. Such was the nature of the recent warning of Lieutenant-General MacArthur, U. S. A., that unless we make

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extensive preparations we shall be taken at a great disadvantage by an enemy one of these days, and possibly humiliated by a series of defeats before we can get in fighting trim; such was the warning given by regular officers before the War of 1812, before the Civil War and before the Spanish-American War; and such was the warning uttered by Lord Roberts, which so profoundly stirred the English nation, in revealing to them how easily England could be overrun by a German army. The greatest statesman the world has ever known, the pacific Gladstone, was the advocate of a powerful fleet, yet for nearly a century England has not had a single war in which she has asserted her naval supremacy. England's formula of naval strength has for some time been: The British navy in fighting strength must equal the next two strongest navies plus ten per cent. Now, according to the logic of those afflicted with militarophobia, England's overwhelming supremacy on the sea should be attended by endless wars with her neighbors; but history has shown the absurdity of such a conclusion. The development of England's navy has kept pace with the growth of her commerce and trade; and the present demand for Dreadnoughts comes not alone from military men, but is made by the business interests of the nation. It is the first duty of the officers of our army and navy to study the national needs of defence from the military view-point and make clear to our people how best to guard our country from invasion and properly defend it both at home and abroad. Indeed, armies and navies but represent the sentiment, temper and spirit of the people themselves; and as Colonel Church says:

"The causes that bring armies and navies into being lie so far beneath the surface, are the effects of so many currents and cross-currents of human feeling, that all the efforts of all the men of the army and navy working unremittingly together could no more affect it than the foam-churning prows of warships could deflect the onward sweep of the Gulf Stream."

It was a matter of gossip at the beginning of the Spanish-American War that the people who were charging the government with unpreparedness, who were insisting upon our navy being sent to protect them, were those living in Boston and vicinity. Certainly there was no part of our country which was in a greater state of anxiety than the New England coast, and especially in the vicinity of Boston. This incident well shows the condition of

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the public mind at a time of actual danger. But, they say, in time of peace there is no enemy, there is no war. What is the use of all this preparation anyway? When war comes, the peace dreamers are the very ones who accuse the government and charge it with a lack of preparation for war.

Mr. Foss, Chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, in a forceful speech in Congress the other day, said:

"When cause for war arises, then the spirit of every American rises up immediately filled with resentment. He wants to strike. It is the natural thing, and so I say we will not have universal peace until every man is able to subdue himself. I remember at the beginning of the Spanish-American War how some of the members on this floor at that time were anxious to rush into war. I say, let us pray for it in every closet, let us preach universal peace from every housetop, let us do everything in our power to advance the cause of civilization and of Christianity among the nations of the world; but I believe that we should at the same time always make adequate defence in case we should be attacked by foreign foe. Let us maintain a navy which will defend our coasts, which will defend the Panama Canal, which will defend the rights of American citizens wherever they are, which will also back up our foreign policies, and which will defend the Philippine Islands, where we are leading great numbers of people up the steeps of civilization into the clearer and higher atmosphere of manhood and of womanhood. In fact, we need a navy to-day, not the greatest navy on the face of the globe, but a navy strong enough so that in every hour of international emergency we will be able to insist upon our just demands with any nation on the face of the globe."

Wars are of frequent occurrence to-day; and warlike Germany stands conspicuously alone as the only great nation that has not been at war during the last twelve years. The Czar of Russia, he of the peace conference; England; France; Spain; the United States; Japan,—all have been involved in war. Speaking of Japan, Gen. Francis V. Greene, in a recent address, pointed out that in the event of war with the United States, Japan would attempt to seize the Philippines. General Greene does not believe that the Japanese could transport across the Pacific an army of sufficient size to make any impression in an attack on the Pacific coast of the United States; but an eminent military authority of the English army is of the opinion that the Japanese could not only cross the Pacific, but penetrate to the Mississippi Valley before the United States could raise and equip an army of sufficient size to arrest their progress. Of the result of such

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a war, General Greene thinks there could be but little doubt. He says:

"It would mean the absolute destruction of Japan. Its people have courage, skill, discipline and religious patriotism, but their resources as compared with those of the United States are so slight that success would be impossible; and in such a conflict of races the very successes which the Japanese would obtain in the beginning would lead the nation which carried the Civil War to a triumphant conclusion to carry on the contest with Japan until it reached a point where Japan would never again be in a position to disturb its tranquillity. . . . It is hard to realize what is nevertheless the fact, that the main topic of conversation among all the subordinate officers in the Philippines and among the great mass of the Japanese is the question of the probability of war between Japan and the United States or one of the nations of Europe. The higher officials pooh-pooh the idea and discountenance the discussion. The responsible statesmen of Japan, well-informed as to their own resources in comparison with those of their possible antagonists, are keenly and sincerely desirous of peace for the present at all events. But the instincts of mankind, the desire for fierce struggle for the mastery are, I believe, much the same as they have been these thousands of years; and in the Orient there is now a novel, unprecedented, difficult and uncertain situation. All the great nations of the Western World are gathered there and striving for an advantage over each other in a trade and commerce which may soon grow to enormous proportions. In the same situation there is also the nation which is at once the most populous, the most ancient and the most inert in the world; and there also is the nation which is the most ambitious, the most aggressive and the most warlike. That the solution of it all may be brought about peacefully is, of course, possible, nay, even probable. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that a gigantic war is also a possible outcome of the situation there."

A certain part of the press of the United States is crying aloud at the "Cost of Armed Peace," and in the discussion the United States is held up to the reproach of mankind because it spends a few millions each year in the development of a proper military establishment. If these gentlemen would put upon one side of the ledger the cost of armed peace and charge up on the other side the cost which this country has suffered in every war because of lack of preparation, they would find that it will amount to many times more than we have spent for military preparation. We Americans are too apt to indulge in self-glorification and to consider ourselves and our country as the greatest things on the earth. A little less of false patriotism and a better understanding of our limitations would have saved us many times in the past

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much humiliation and much loss of life and property. It has been truly said that our great war expenses have been caused simply because we did not have sense enough to arm ourselves properly in time of peace.

In his admirable essay on "The Moral Equivalent of War," after discussing General Homer Lea's recent book, "The Valor of Ignorance," in which that officer attempts to show that Japan has entered upon a vast policy of conquest—the game in which the first moves were her wars with China and Russia and her treaty with England, and of which the final objective is the capture of the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska and the whole of our coast west of the Sierra passes, Professor William James admits the plausibility of General Lea's dismal forecast and concludes that,

> "There is no reason to think that women can no longer be the mothers of Napoleonic or Alexandrian characters; and if these come in Japan and find their opportunity, just such surprises as 'The Valor of Ignorance' paints may lurk in ambush for us. Ignorant as we still are of the innermost recesses of Japanese mentality, we may be foolhardy to disregard such possibilities."

The military profession must not be confounded with the mercenary trade which, unfortunately, it was in ancient times, when pride, gold, women, slaves, excitement were the chief motives that led men to make war. It is no longer true that the professional soldier is primarily required for purposes of aggression; nor is the military career merely an affair of hire and salary. It is strictly true that what makes it a holy duty to defend one's home and country also makes it a holy duty not to invade the country and home of others. Military men doubtless have a keener appreciation of the truth of this axiom than those who are loudest in their denunciation of war and preparation for war. There is a type of military character which every one feels that the race should never cease to breed, for every one is wide awake to its superiority. Let us not be misunderstood, the apologist for war *per se* is hopelessly obsolescent. Military men deny neither the bestiality nor the horror nor the expense of war; and as a means of producing peace between nations, war is recognized as the most futile of all remedies. Military men are at heart peace-loving men, and they are as a class strong peace-advocates. They are thoroughly disciplined, lofty ideals are constantly before them,

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and their moral training is such that duty, justice, honesty, truthfulness, unselfishness and patriotism are chief among the qualities that distinguish the profession of arms to-day. The military instincts and ideals are as strong as ever, modern man inherits all the innate pugnacity and all the love of glory of his ancestors; but men no longer play the game of war for the mere love of glory. Only when forced upon us, only when injustice leaves us no alternative, is a war now thought admissible.

Those who refuse to admit that war may be a transitory phenomenon in social evolution have studied the history of civilization to little purpose. The fatalistic view of the recurrence of war is absurd. Common sense and reason ought to find a way to reach agreement in every conflict of honest interests; and there are hopeful signs in the Hague Conference, the laying of the foundations of a periodic Congress of Nations, and of a permanent High Court of Arbitration, which lead us to believe that the glorious day is at hand. But, mark the distinction; honest interests rarely occasion war. Mr. Root has pointed out that by far the greatest cause of war is that suspicion of injustice, threatened and intended, which comes from exasperated feeling. Now, feeling, the feeling which makes one nation willing to go to war with another, makes real causes of difference of no consequence. If the people of two countries want to fight, they will find an excuse—a pretext—find what seems to them sufficient cause in anything. Questions which can be disposed of without the slightest difficulty between countries really friendly, are insoluble between countries really unfriendly. And the feeling between the peoples of different countries is the product of the acts and the words of the peoples of the countries themselves, not of their governments. Insult, contemptuous treatment, bad manners, arrogant and provincial assertion of superiority are the chief causes of war to-day.*

Nevertheless, we are right in affirming that the martial virtues, although originally gained by bitter experience in war, are permanent and valuable possessions of mankind. In order that a nation may endure and maintain its sovereignty, its foundations must be cemented with the martial virtues. It has been truly said that intrepidity, contempt of softness, surrender of private interest, obedience to command, must still remain the rock upon

* Peace Society Address, New York, 1909.

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which States are built—unless, indeed, we wish for dangerous reactions against commonwealths fit only for contempt, and liable to invite attack whenever a centre of crystallization for military-minded enterprise gets formed anywhere in their neighborhood. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline should be wrought into the very bone and sinew of the nation.

The man who enlists in the military service, says Mr. H. G. Wells, steps from the street of clamorous insincere advertisement, push, adulteration, underselling and intermittent employment, on to a higher social plane, into an atmosphere of service and co-operation and of infinitely more honorable emulations. Here, at least, a man is supposed to win promotion by self-forgetfulness and not by self-seeking.* And Mr. Wells adds that he thinks that the conceptions of order and discipline, the tradition of service and devotion, of physical fitness, unstinted exertion, and universal responsibility, which universal military duty is now teaching nations, will remain a permanent acquisition, when the last ammunition has been used in the fireworks that celebrate the final peace.

Public sentiment is the power that moulds our institutions and creates our laws; it may lie dormant and hidden for a time in the innermost consciousness of men, but once aroused nothing can withstand it. It is not by clamorous insistency that men accomplish most, but it is the resistless influence, the quiet working of the moral sensibility, which has distinguished peace-loving men and women in all ages, that has removed us from savagery and brutality and set us on the road to peace and brotherhood. The peace enthusiast shudders at the very idea of war and is sometimes so lacking in common sense as to ridicule the notion that armed forces have really accomplished the results he so vainly thought were the products of his own eloquence. The peace enthusiast is impractical; he fails to realize that lofty ideals are not the property of all men. Life is complex; high ideals are the golden threads that form the warp of it; but coarse, crude and ofttimes base materials make up the woof of it.

The idealist would have us believe that the world has gone mad in its demand for Dreadnoughts; but the idealist has just forgotten for the nonce that he is a very small party, and like any other individual he can only sound one trumpet in the grand

* "First and Last Things."

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symphony of life. The very men who fight the battles of the idealists and make their dreams possible realities incur the wrath and displeasure of these righteous ones. They flatter themselves that the contests for supremacy have been inconsequential, that right and justice would have triumphed without armed champions, and that no credit whatever is due those who laid down their lives for righteousness' sake. Pushed to its logical conclusion, this prejudice against the use of force in the maintenance of peace would do away with the policeman; but how long do you suppose the gentlefolk of our great cities would continue to live in the enjoyment of their happy homes, were there no uniformed guardians of the peace? And how long do you think peace would reign on earth to-day were there no armies and navies to make aggression and injustice unprofitable and unattractive?

Those who would promote the progress of peace on earth and advance the cause of friendship and good-will among men, those who would give to mankind a broader intellectual horizon and a clearer moral vision, those who would cultivate the graces of life and sweet charity and the love of mankind for one another and spread abroad the Christian influences of enlightenment and civilization are face to face with the problem of self-discipline. It is for each of us in his own sphere to exercise the powers that God has placed in our hands. Let every man do his duty as he sees it, with charity for all and malice towards none, both politically and socially, and by an upright and honorable life give an impulse to that tendency of mankind towards the ideas of civilization and humanity that in the long process of years gradually approaches the supreme idea of Christianity.

WILLIAM H. MONROE.

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SOME LESSER THRENODIES.

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

Our English literature has four great threnodies so significant, so full, so massive in their rounded survey of death through the sense of personal loss that we have come to look upon them as the finest and most perfect examples of the form that our language, or, indeed, any language, affords. They are Milton's "Lycidas," Shelley's "Adonais," Arnold's "Thyrsis" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam." They are all nobly individual, nobly representative of each poet's outlook upon life, and yet each is in its way broadly human and universal. Consequently, they are known of all men and all men delight in them. In a measure, it is the length of these threnodies that has established their permanent significance. They are great because they take up a great subject greatly, but they are great further because they develop it at, what is so near, to an exhaustive length.

There is another body of threnodies that are to be called lesser threnodies mainly because they do not carry the theme on to any such fulness of treatment. Some of them certainly strike a more intense lyric note within their range than do these other more magnificent organ chants of human loss and grief. Some of them are in their own way quite as memorable, quite as fine and high in their expression of the eternal passion over our human liability to dissolution. They are, some of them, less artificial, and they touch the nerve of a common and ever-present feeling more sharply.

It is the office of a threnody to find the universal in the personal, to pass from an individual sense of loss in death to the meaning and the mystery of death for all men. Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," for instance, is too closely concerned with the immediate occasion and the man for

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us to feel this character in it. Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloomed" is also a lament for one man, Lincoln, and, as in "Oh, Captain, My Captain," he does not take us out to any larger feeling for the universal fact of man's subjection to death. This something beyond presentation of the man and the occasion for grieving over his loss the greater threnodies do for us. That friend of Milton's whom he celebrates in the "Lycidas" may have been no more than a name, so far as our interest in the poem is dependent upon what he was or what befell him. This is also true in a measure of the "In Memoriam." The "Adonais," to be sure, has the death of Keats for its theme, and the "Thyrsis" laments the passing of Clough. Both Shelley and Arnold, however, turn from Keats and Clough to larger themes than those of personal loss.

Literature is full of lamentings, but in this absorption and loss of the personal in the universal, the identification of the one with the other, there may in part be found the note of greatness. The full and rich elaboration of an "In Memoriam," that almost ceases to be a threnody, because it is so nearly a philosophy set to music, is not demanded of them, but we may ask for this quality of universality in them if we are to call them great. It is to be found in so short a poem as Landor's "Rose Aylmer."

> "Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
> Ah, what the form divine.
> What every virtue, every grace.
> Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
> Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
> May weep, but never see,
> A night of memories and of sighs
> I consecrate to thee."

The first four lines of this are as fine a lyric cry over the transiency of human good and beauty as man has ever penned. Death is a pitiful thing in the degree in which the life that death claims is fine and perfect, in the degree in which it is something that ought, for our human feeling, to be eternal. In these four lines Landor crowds together for us those things that most make the poignancy of that sense of loss in death, womanhood in the line of a great race, beauty in the highest form we can conceive of, the virtues and the graces that should forever be unassailable. The greater threnodies commemorate each the death of a man

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highly gifted and gifted in ways that bring man, as in the poet, so near to the divine that we can but feel that he should be imperishable. They are creative powers that make him so in each case, powers of human efficiency that the world cannot well lose. In this poem of Landor's we have, not such a creative force and fire suddenly snuffed out in the very hour in which it was most prodigal of light and warmth for the world, but a created perfection of good and beauty shattered forever, body and spirit, as all such good and beauty must be forever while time runs on to eternity. Which is the more moving a spectacle, which strikes us the more with the subduing sense of our mortality, it would not be easy for any one to say. The fact that the greater threnodies draw their inspiration from the death of a man rather than from that of a woman is not clearly significant in this matter, although it may be held significant in some other matters, as we shall see later. Perhaps a lengthy treatment of the theme flows more easily from the thought of the cessation of a creative energy that might have gone on and on than from that of a finished perfection such as we feel in womanhood at its best. The elaboration of possibilities unfulfilled, whether by implication or otherwise, is probably more natural and easy than such elaboration of a fineness of human worth brought to its flower and then in the completion of its beauty dashed suddenly out of life. This last calls for a cry too intense and passionate for a mood of lingering meditation. Such a cry we have again in Byron's "Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom."

"Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb:
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom;

"And oft by yond blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed the dead!

"Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet."

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This is both less universal and less perfect than Landor's. It passes beyond the personal in the feeling of the first line and in the sense in the rest of the stanza that beauty should somehow be enduring. It is not happy, however, in the last line of the stanza, which gives the impression of poetic artifice. This is further the effect of the second stanza, especially in the personification of sorrow, which is never felt as an abstraction, a something outside of the actual occasion for sorrow, when it is felt as a real grief at all. There is again an implication of a higher mood than that of personal loss in the last stanza, a mood approaching that sense of the unavailing in all things human that we find in "Rose Aylmer." It falls short of that, however, in fulness of presentation and intensity of passion. It is double the length of Landor's poem, and yet it says less in that more extended treatment. Nevertheless, its deeper note is that of recognition of the transiency of all things fair, the pity of it that woman's loveliness should be "snatched away in beauty's bloom."

The conjunction of Byron and Wordsworth may, perhaps, seem a not wholly happy one, but in the latter's "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways" there is observable a directness and simplicity that by contrast with Byron, suggest Landor.

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

"A violet by the mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

"She lived unknown and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me."

This is a kind of goodness and beauty unlike that which Landor laments, the goodness and beauty of humility in the place of pride and distinction, of virtues and graces that hide themselves rather than of those that shine; but it is touched with the same feeling for a human perfection kept from the fulfilment of itself that we find in Landor. Here it is the more pathetic in the

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fact that it has not had even its brief hour of earthly effulgence in the sight of men. It is, therefore, a beauty and goodness that has been doubly spent in vain. Landor and Wordsworth end each in a cry of personal pain, but neither poem is personal only. These cries serve but to accentuate the poet's fuller passion in the universal facts. They are wrung from the heart, not simply because of the death of Rose Aylmer or of Lucy, but because neither the "sceptred race" avails nor the "violet by the mossy stone Half hidden from the eye."

This threnody of Wordsworth's seems simple almost to the point of severity. It will appear more so if we place beside it the rich beauty of the song of Guiderius and Arviragus from "Cymbeline."

"Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

"Fear no more the frown o' th' great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The Sceptre, Learning, Physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

"Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

"No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!"

This is clearly another feeling about death than that of either of the preceding. It finds its occasion in recognition of the fact that "Golden lads and girls all must, Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust," but there is a serenity in the prospect, as the poet sees

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it, altogether unlike that of the vision of Landor or Byron. The sceptre, learning, physic, love, must also come to dust, and it is the equality of all things in the grave that the poet makes us feel, rather than that bringing together of the irreconcilable in the destruction of something high and fine that should never be destroyed.

It cannot quite be said, I think, that this serenity is but the sign of greatness in Shakespeare, the mark of that loftiness of spirit that lifts him above the accidents of time and eternity alike. This is, perhaps, not so much the poet as his age. There was no such fulness of being in the Elizabethans as there is in us, large with life as that great time was. For them the quiet, the freedom from censure and from the tyrant's stroke that was to be consummated in death, was not so inadequate as it is for us. We certainly look beyond this life to the next with a less satisfied assurance than did the men of Shakespeare's day. What was to them a matter of course, placidly accepted, has, for us become a problem. Death is therefore for us not quite what it was for Shakespeare, and this must in part account for the attitude of Shakespeare as seeing in death a going forward of the tragedy of life with its thwartings and its denials to a surcease of them all in the equal repose of the grave. Life in our day is less a thwarting, less a denial, and consequently it less looks forward to find compensation for its ills in death. This is not saying that we are not touched by the sweetness and the meditative richness of this threnody. It is a noble expression of a mood that the modern mind doubtless shares at times with the Elizabethan. Otherwise Tennyson's volume of Shakespeare would hardly have been lying open before him at this page when he died, but it is a mood not so peculiarly our own as that of "Rose Aylmer." It is not so much a mood of loftier feeling as one of less sophistication. It is the mood of a life less gloriously lighted by the sun than our own, a mood, therefore, in which there is not so deep a sense of the darkness when the sun has gone down and left only a rack of clouds across the sky.

There is "A Dirge" of Richard Henry Stoddard's that, in its minor way, comes close to that essentially modern feeling for death as something taking away the fair and the lovely beyond the possibility of human understanding that Shakespeare did not have in the same sense.

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"A few frail summers had touched thee,
As they touch the fruit:
Not so bright as thy hair the sunshine,
Not so sweet as thy voice the lute.
Hushed the voice, shorn the hair, all is over:
An urn of white ashes remains;
Nothing else save the tears in your eyes,
And our bitterest, bitterest pains.

"We garland thee now with white roses,
Both incense and gums on the shrine,
Play old tunes with the saddest of closes,
Dear tunes that once were thine!
But in vain, all in vain;
Thou art gone—we remain!"

This falls short of the intensity of "Rose Aylmer," but it has all the delicacy of Landor, all that sense of the irremediable loss in death that he makes us feel. Stoddard does not present that loss as so great a loss. It is in him not so many things passed away irrecoverably. It is fineness, maidenly gentleness and beauty, showing the promise of the flower in the tender hues of the opening bud, and in Landor it is all this and more. Nevertheless, it is in the same spirit, and quite as much as the earlier threnody it passes out of the personal into that larger world of human feeling that all men have in the presence of our mortality made visible in that quiet of the lips that shall never speak again.

In Oscar Wilde's "Requiescat" there is a mood like this of Stoddard's, the first discernible difference being that of a slightly greater emphasis upon the physical aspects of beauty as a symbol of the spiritual beauty breathing in it.

"Tread lightly, she is near
Under the snow.
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

"All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

"Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

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"Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast.
I vex my heart alone;
She is at rest.

"Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet.
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it."

There is in this a lingering sense of that repose in death that takes away much of its poignancy in the song from "Cymbeline." In Shakespeare, however, that sense is one as of something actual, as of a higher hope upon which the heart may establish itself, while in Wilde it is no more than an illusion which the poet permits himself for the sake of the color that it gives to his mood. It touches it with a lingering regret that intensifies the pain instead of lessening it. He would have us tread lightly in the feeling of our nearness to that stricken loveliness where lies "All her bright golden hair tarnished with rust."

One poem by an American poet yet living is entitled to be included in this group of lesser threnodies, a poem with a touch of nature in it as fine as that "among the untrodden ways" of Wordsworth and a purity as lily-like as that of Wilde's maiden who "hardly knew She was a woman, so Sweetly she grew," Bliss Carman's "Golden Rowan."

"She lived where the mountains go down to the sea,
And river and tide confer,
Golden Rowan, in Menalowan,
Was the name they gave to her.

"She had the soul no circumstance
Can hurry or defer.
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,
How time stood still for her!

"Her playmates for their lovers grew,
But that shy wanderer,
Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,
Knew love was not for her.

"Hers was the love of wilding things;
To hear a squirrel chir
In the golden rowan, of Menalowan,
Was joy enough for her.

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"She sleeps on the hill with the lonely sun,
Where in the days that were,
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,
So often shadowed her.

"The scarlet fruit will come to fill,
The scarlet spring to stir
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,
And wake no dream for her.

"Only the wind is over her grave,
For mourner and comforter,
And 'The Golden Rowan, of Menalowan,'
Is all we know of her."

There is a singing sweetness in this that is almost excessive. It is a part of that fuller emphasis upon qualities of loveliness in the woman that distinguishes the poem from others in which the stress is more upon the destruction and loss of those qualities than upon the qualities themselves. It is a maidenhood moving sweetly in the shadow and the mystery of death that is entrancing, a maidenhood so responsive to the joy of the wilding things about her that she passes like a dream to that sleep on the hill "Where in the days that were, The golden rowan, of Menalowan, So often shadowed her." She is a more intimate spirit of mountain and wood and sea than Wordsworth's Lucy, and it is a more appealing thing that the "Golden Rowan, of Menalowan, Knew love was not for her" than it is that Lucy was "A Maid whom there were none to praise And very few to love." The glow of a richer life and a fuller range of feeling is over it. These feelings are subtler, and the life itself is more tender and more finely endowed. It is tremulous with instincts that are wakened by the breath of being in countless created things, and yet

"The scarlet fruit will come to fill,
The scarlet spring to stir
The golden rowan, of Menalowan,
And wake no dream for her."

Finally, as an addition to the number of these poems from a poet whose temper and attitude toward life is unlike that of any of the poets so far heard, there is Arnold's "Requiescat." It has a glimpse of something larger both in death and in life than is to be found in any one of the others alone, and yet its passion

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is hardly so intense and high as Landor's, its forward-looking trust not at all as sure as Shakespeare's, its perfection of womanhood not so delicate and fine and quivering as Carman's.

"Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew;
In quiet she reposes;
Ah! would that I did too!

"Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

"Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

"Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death."

Perhaps one might justly feel that this is a threnody only in a very qualified sense. The lamenting seems almost to have the character of a pæan. It acclaims the repose that is to be found in the "vasty hall of death" that follows the tragedy of life. It is the limitations of life that make escape from it at once a pitiful thing in the fact of those limitations themselves and a kindly thing in the repose from a turmoil to which so fine and high a thing as her "cabined, ample spirit" should not have been exposed. Because of this the lamenting that gives it character is for the thwarting of life in itself, for that breaking of the wings of aspiration against the cage of circumstance that only finds its completion in death, for that wearying of self in the giving of joy to a world that has too little joy of its own to give in return. So much it has in common with "Golden Rowan" that it presents the woman more than the end that comes to womanhood. In Carman, it is a womanhood that secludes itself from the world and expands almost shyly in the wild places. In Arnold, it is a womanhood that cannot so seclude itself from those "mazes of heat and sound" in which life is forever turning and never at rest. For both of them, however, the world is inadequate, and

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in both poets it is that inadequacy that slips into death and is made one with it as a single ground for the mood of the threnody in the transiency and insufficiency of life.

It is to be observed that all these threnodies lament the passing of a woman, as all the four greater threnodies were seen to lament the death of a man. It might be easy to draw the conclusion that these lesser threnodies are so by virtue of their having a lesser theme, but that, obvious as it may seem, would be unjustifiable.

There are two things that give life its character as life, doing and being. These two things are loosely the different functions of man and woman. Which of them is the higher function it would be idle to say, except in particular cases. In general it can be said only that doing is more complex than being, both as perceived at any given moment and as perceived progressively. It often happens that the complex thing is the higher thing, but it is not necessarily so. Certainly being, rather than doing, as the characteristic of womanhood, is a thing calling for the more lyrical treatment. It is more intense as a poetic motive, since it pauses upon one thing, and so it gives occasion for that subjectivity that particularly distinguishes the lyric from other moods and manners. The mood of meditation more thoughtfully elaborated is not to be expected in a threnody whose theme is womanhood, the threnody of being, as it is in one which laments the passing of man, the threnody of doing.

Without saying that the greater length of the four first threnodies should be held as ultimately making them greater and that these poems whose theme is the mortality of woman's fineness, purity and beauty are as great as they in the sum total of achievement, it is still, it seems to me, quite indisputable that either "Rose Aylmer" or "Golden Rowan" or Arnold's "Requiescat" is a more perfect work of art than, for instance, "Lycidas." We cannot study either of them in the effort to discover the poet's feeling about the life of his time, but we can realize more deeply the passion of lamenting in each, because it is not diffused or given the movement of constructive thought. There is so close a likeness in all these eight poems as compared with the other four that the unification of theme seems at once significant of the universality of feeling for the bloom of womanhood that in its very delicacy and fragrance and beauty contains the seeds

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of decay. The main feeling in all of them is the same, and they exhibit only such variations of it as are in accord with variations of personality. This is not true in any like degree of the other group. They cannot be said to have any one main feeling in the same sense, and it seems not unreasonable to say that this is to be accounted for on the ground that the feeling in them is not so universal, that it is the product of a more highly sophisticated intelligence than of a common and elemental attitude toward life and the world. If the lesser threnodies are so by virtue of their springing from something more common and elemental in our human nature than the others, it is not unreasonable to say that they have a superiority of their own, a lyric spontaneity higher and more moving, an immediacy of appeal more unobstructed, and a comprehensive sweep more passionately inclusive than that of the longer and more fully wrought poems that we are accustomed to think of particularly as our great monuments of verse in the elegiac form.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

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AMERICAN VERSUS ENGLISH COURTS.

BY WILLIAM N. GEMMILL, JUDGE OF THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF CHICAGO.

It seems to be accepted by most of our present-day writers on law reforms that the English courts are much superior to our own. In contrasting the two court systems, no effort has been spared to magnify the virtues of their system and to exaggerate the faults of ours. I desire as briefly as possible to call attention to some erroneous statements frequently made on this subject.

In the REVIEW of January, 1910, Professor James W. Garner says:

> "The English Master of Judicial Statistics, in a letter to Hon. Joseph H. Choate, describing the promptness and despatch with which trials are conducted in England, stated that *twenty-three judges handled all the litigation of England and Wales* with a population of 32,500,000, and that they actually tried and determined *an average of five thousand cases a year*, or more than twice as many as are tried by forty-three judges in New York and Kings counties. As I write (July 1, 1909) there lies before me a copy of a news despatch which states that the English Court of Appeals has decided practically all the appeals that were on the docket at the present term. . . . This seems wonderful indeed to us who are accustomed to a system under which our appellate courts are usually from one to three years behind."

It seems strange that the wholly erroneous statement that *twenty-three judges handle all the litigation in England and Wales* has gone so long without challenge. The twenty-three English judges referred to are the judges of the English High Court of Justice, seven being members of the Chancery Division and sixteen of the King's Bench Division. But a comparatively small part of the time of these judges is given to the *nisi prius* courts. Much of their time is engaged in hearing appeals. In 1907, 1,339 appeals were taken from the judgments entered by Regis-

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trars and Referees to the King's Bench Division of this court. The new Criminal Court of Appeal is composed of the Lord Chief Justice and eight of these twenty-three judges of the High Court of Justice. From May 15th, 1908, to December 10th, 1909, this court disposed of 339 criminal appeals. The judicial force of England is made up substantially as follows:

House of Lords	5	Judges
Court of Appeal	6	"
High Court of Justice	23	"
Probate and Divorce	4	"
County Courts	65	"
Metropolitan, Mayors' and City Courts	57	"
Recorders'	61	"
Total	221	Judges

The Recorders are judges who try most of the important criminal cases in England. In addition to the above, there are 693 official referees, masters and registrars to whom causes are referred for trial and who have the same power, in cases so referred, as have the judges, to hear evidence and enter final judgments. There are also many stipendary magistrates, mayors, aldermen, clergymen and common sergeants who hold court from time to time.

Neither is it true that these twenty-three judges try and determine *on an average of five thousand cases a year*. The average number of cases begun each year in the High Court of Justice for the last twenty years is 79,427. The average number of cases tried each year by all of these twenty-three judges combined for the last twenty years is 3,162. The average number actually tried by each of these judges each year during this period is one hundred and fifty and one-half. The average number of cases tried during the year 1907 by each judge of the King's Bench Division, including both civil and criminal cases, was 291, and the average number tried during that year by the seven judges of the Chancery Division was 75.2. The other cases begun in the High Court of Justice were either disposed of on motion or by the official masters and referees. But a small part, however, of the total litigation of England is disposed of in the High Court of Justice presided over by these twenty-three judges. In 1906, 1,452,804 suits were begun in all the courts of England and Wales. Of this number 1,338,269 were begun in the County Courts, and the twenty-three judges referred to had nothing to

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do with any of them. Of these 38,617 were tried by the county judges without a jury, 929 were tried with a jury, 404,448 were tried by the registrars and referees; defaults were taken in 448,037 cases and 413,037 were dismissed.

It will be observed from these figures that the official registrars and referees tried and disposed of ten times as many cases in the county courts as did the judges of these courts.

Professor Garner further says:

"A comparison of the percentage of reversals in America with that in England affords striking evidence of the different attitude taken by the English Appellate Courts toward questions of error in the trial of criminal cases. . . . It is a rule of the English procedure that a judgment or verdict of a trial court shall never be disturbed or a new trial granted for error if the evidence admitted is sufficient to justify the judgment or verdict. . . . One result of this rule has been to greatly diminish the number of appeals in England, *not more than one case in ten being taken up for review as against every three or four in America.*"

The records do not sustain the foregoing statement. The judicial statistics of England and Wales for 1907 show that there were 97 appeals disposed of by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in that year. Of this number 27 were affirmed, 14 reversed, 11 dismissed and 1 varied. In the House of Lords the same year 73 petitions for appeal were disposed of, 48 were affirmed, 25 reversed. In the Court of Appeal the same year 524 cases were disposed of; 81 were withdrawn before hearing, 281 were affirmed, 22 varied, 128 reversed, 32 otherwise disposed of. During the same year there were 1,339 appeals to the King's Bench from official referees, registrars and recorders. Of these 702 were affirmed, 199 reversed and 178 varied. There were 339 applications for appeal to the new Court of Criminal Appeal from its first session (May 15th, 1908) to December 10th, 1909. Of this number 102 appeals were denied, 237 were allowed. Of the 237 allowed 140 were afterwards dismissed, the sentences quashed in 46, reduced in 50 and increased in one case. This court has no power to remand a case for new trial. It may either dismiss the appeal, quash the sentence, reduce or increase the penalty.

Professor Garner speaks of the law's delay and cites the condition of the court calendars in New York and Chicago in 1903 and 1907. At the beginning of the year 1907, there were pending

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in the County Courts of England and Wales 93,168 cases and at the end of the same year 104,262 cases. There is substantially no delay at this time in the courts of Illinois in the trial and disposition of causes outside of the Appellate Court for the First District. At the October term, 1908, the Supreme Court of Illinois had written opinions in every pending case in that court, and in October, 1909, there were not over twelve pending cases in which opinions had not been written. An appeal now filed in the Supreme Court of this State will, in the ordinary course of events, be decided within a period of two months. From October, 1906, to October, 1909, the Supreme Court of Illinois decided 1,512 cases. Of this number 1,104 were affirmed, 498 reversed or reversed and remanded. From 1901 to 1908 the New York Court of Appeals disposed of 30 appeals from convictions of murder in the first degree. Of these 26 were affirmed, 2 dismissed and 2 reversed.

From December, 1906, to December, 1909, the Municipal Court of Chicago disposed of 126,213 civil cases and 197,347 criminal cases. From these judgments there were but 1,256 appeals or writs of error prosecuted, 1,188 being in civil and 68 in criminal cases. Of the 614 civil appeals decided up to date 229 were dismissed, 232 affirmed and 152 reversed. Of the criminal appeals thus far decided 56 per cent. have been affirmed. During the same period 5,596 felony cases were tried in the Criminal Court of Cook County. From the judgments in these cases there have been 116 appeals or writs of error prosecuted. Instead, therefore, of there being *one appeal for every three or four cases tried* there has been but *one criminal appeal for every three thousand cases* tried in the Municipal Court of Chicago and one appeal for every fifty cases tried in the Criminal Court of Cook County. Of the total 202,942 criminal cases tried in the Municipal Court of Chicago and Criminal Court of Cook County in the last three years 80 per cent. were tried within twenty-four hours after the arrests were made and 95 per cent. within ten days from the date of arrest, and no one was compelled to wait over four months for a trial if he desired one.

Professor Garner adds:

"Our judicial annals show that a large proportion of the criminals of this country who have been punished in recent years have had the benefit of at least two trials and convictions."

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Instead of a *large proportion* of criminals of this country receiving the benefit of at least two trials, the records show that less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the criminal cases tried in Cook County are appealed, and in not over 44 per cent. of these are new trials granted.

Professor Garner further says:

"It has come to be a common belief that the rich criminal with unlimited means at his command for employing able and ingenious counsel and for meeting the heavy costs of litigation in the higher courts, can by means of appeal and new trials escape the punishment which he deserves."

This belief does not possess the mind of any one who knows anything about the facts. Indeed, the rule is entirely otherwise. Rich bankers, almost without exception, when once indicted have been convicted and their convictions sustained by the Courts of Appeal. The same is true of nearly all public officials who have betrayed their trusts and of those who with great power, wealth and influence have been arraigned in court charged with some offence against the law. Seldom has such a one escaped punishment. On the other hand, thousands of poor who have committed offences equally grave are permitted to go from our courts without punishment for no other reason than that they are poor and others are dependent upon them for support.

Professor Garner closes his article with the following statement:

"The old severity of the penal code has long since passed away. Yet the ancient procedure with all its loopholes of escape and all the safeguards of presumption in favor of the criminal is to a large extent still retained. . . . . In the interest of justice as well as social order and security, it ought to be modified as it has been in England where it originated."

It is true that the old severity of the penal code has long since passed away in America, but it is not true that it has passed away in England. Last year 2,033 persons were judicially flogged in England and Wales; some of them were juveniles. Most of the victims flogged had been guilty of drunkenness, vagrancy, begging upon the public street or sleeping in the open air. A characteristic case of this kind is that of William Anthony, who was tried by the Chairman of the Dorchester Quarter Sessions on July 1st, 1908, charged with begging and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and two floggings three months apart of ten strokes

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each with a birch rod. Under the present English criminal statute, vagrants found guilty may receive corporal punishment unlimited as to amount or instrument, and this punishment may be inflicted in public. Brutal murderers are sometimes permitted to escape punishment on pure technicalities.

On March 5th, 1908, A. E. Dyson brutally beat and murdered his daughter. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The Court of Appeals quashed the conviction because the trial judge misdirected the jury upon a technical point. There was no doubt of the prisoner's guilt, but he escaped all punishment.

The punishments inflicted by the criminal courts of England for trivial offences are exceedingly harsh. Alice Sprake was convicted on October 21st, 1909, in the Cardiff Quarter Sessions of stealing twelve cents' worth of coal from the Taff Vale Railway Company and was sentenced by the Recorder to four months' imprisonment at hard labor. She did not steal the coal, but sent her little boy to obtain it. The Lord Chief Justice of England, in affirming this sentence in 1909, said: "Although appellant was formerly of good character and this was her first offence, it cannot, in our opinion, be said that four months' imprisonment at hard labor was too severe a sentence."

An English writer for the August, 1909, "Westminster Review," after reviewing the first year of the new Court of Criminal Appeals, said: "It is hard to suppress an uneasy feeling that in the past, and only recently, not a few prisoners must have endured the worst of punishments because they had not the opportunities which now exist for reviewing the proceedings of the court which convicted them."

In addition to the severity of the punishments inflicted, any one against whom a civil judgment has been obtained in a Justice of the Peace Court in England may be sent to jail for a period of one year unless the judgment is paid. From 1899 to 1905 the number of persons imprisoned for civil debt in England and Wales increased from 12,706 to 20,290. This was exclusive of the 92,000 sent to jail during 1907 for failure to pay a fine.

The Hon. E. H. Pickersgill, Chairman of a Committee appointed by Parliament to propose amendments to the English law concerning imprisonment for debt, in writing for the "Fortnightly Review" in January, 1910, said: "Ten thousand are im-

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prisoned annually, not because they will not, but because they cannot pay. There are 150,000 warrants of commitment issued annually. Credit is given right and left without inquiry because of the power of imprisonment."

The conclusion of Professor Garner, and many others who have written upon this subject, is that by reason of our ancient criminal procedure and the many avenues of escape, crime has rapidly increased in America and is much more prevalent here than in Europe. This conclusion is entirely erroneous. Not only is there less crime in the United States than in Europe, but the more serious crimes in the United States are rapidly decreasing.

The following table of figures gives some idea of the prevalence of crime in the several countries:

1904	Population	Total arrests	Total convictions	Total sent to prison in year
United States.....	81,517,659	1,212,574	——	149,691
England and Wales.	34,945,600	794,981	641,211	188,329
German Empire....	60,886,000	599,262	505,158	256,316
France	37,961,701	538,557	386,484	182,412

We have no statistics showing the number of convictions in the criminal courts of the United States. I have given the number of arrests in the United States as reported by the police for the year 1904 and the number of persons sent to prison for that year in the United States as shown by the Government Prison Census published by the Department of Commerce and Labor. It is most unfortunate that we have not kept pace with European countries in the matter of criminal statistics. From these figures it will be observed that the prison population of the several countries of Europe is much larger than ours and the number of arrests is much greater. The English Government reports for 1907 show that there were 11,409 persons arrested for burglary in England during that year and only 14,305 in this country. Our population is two and one-half times theirs. Larcenies in England increased from 42,292 in 1899 to 50,155 in 1905. The United States Prison Census for 1907 shows a marked decrease in crime in this country during the last ten years, twenty States showing a decrease and twelve States a slight increase. In Illinois in 1890 there were 102.9 prisoners for every one hundred thousand population; in 1904 there were only 60.8 prisoners for every one hundred thousand.

In the Illinois State Reformatory at Pontiac, where the law

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requires that all persons in the State between the ages of ten and twenty-one, convicted of felonies, be confined, there were on July 1st, 1899, 1,397 prisoners. On January 1st, 1910, this number had been reduced to 745 prisoners. A like decrease for the next ten years will cause the closing of the institution or the conversion of the same into a school for young men.

From 1868 to 1898 an average of 7,279 prisoners were admitted to the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet every ten years, but from 1898 to 1908 only 4,704 were admitted. From December, 1907, to December, 1908, 8,429 persons were arrested in Chicago charged with felonies. From December, 1908, to December, 1909, this number was reduced to 6,524, a decrease of twenty-one per cent.

The judges of the English courts are much older than our judges and their terms of service on the bench much shorter, notwithstanding the fact that the English judges of the House of Lords, Court of Appeals and High Court of Justice are appointed for life. These appointments are not made until the men are past middle age. The average term of service on the bench of all of the present judges of these courts up to January 1st, 1910, is only six and one-half years, while their average age on the same date was sixty-four years. It follows as a matter of course that these judges are less efficient than are our judges, who are mostly in middle life and whose term of service is much longer.

In conclusion, I wish to say that in proposing law reforms, we ought first to make a conscientious effort to acquaint ourselves with the facts and not follow blindly any system until we know where it will lead us.

WILLIAM N. GEMMILL.

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THE GREEK STRAIN IN OUR OLDEST GOSPELS.

BY GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT.

If Judaism was the mother of Christianity, Hellenism was an early and influential teacher; or, changing the figure, if we say that the roots of Christianity went down deep into the Hebrew Scriptures, we may say that Hellenism was the air which the young plant inhaled through a thousand pores. But how young was this plant when it began to be modified in fibre and form by its Greek environment? Did Jesus Himself, who lived in what has been called, speaking broadly, a "Hellenized world," owe anything to Greek thought? Did the world of Greek thought affect the first three Gospels, those writings which enshrine the Christian revelation?

To the former of these questions one may reply confidently in the negative. Jesus owed nothing to Greek thought. His message came out of His own spiritual experience. It was, doubtless, conditioned by the Old Testament, but that was not its source. His own religious life—something greater, completer, more divine than the Old Testament—was the living spring of His word.

But when we turn from the teaching of Jesus to its synoptic setting the case is different. Of this setting we cannot say that it owes nothing to Greek thought. And when we consider how the synoptic Gospels arose, we naturally expect to discover in them a Greek element. When we reflect that Luke was a Greek-speaking Gentile if not himself of Greek blood, that the author of our first Gospel was probably a Greek-speaking Gentile, and that in the period when the synoptic Gospels assumed their present form the Christian community was predominantly Greek in its language and civilization, we recognize the inevitableness of a Greek strain in their rendering of the Gospel story.

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To follow this Hellenic strain through the entire narrative would be impossible within the limits of a brief article. We shall accordingly consider a single point, but one of great interest and importance, especially at the present time, namely, the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus.

This story of the birth of Jesus from a virgin lies on the surface of the New Testament somewhat as the great granite boulders lie on the New England hillsides. They are supposed to have been brought thither in the Ice Age; certainly their original home was elsewhere. So with the story in question. It is not an integral and vital part of the Christian religion as this is set forth in the New Testament. It does not play a part in the historical work of Jesus any more than the reputed miraculous birth of Alexander did in his conquest of the world.

For consider these facts. John Mark, citizen of Jerusalem, intimately associated with the Christian movement from the first, who in his Gospel lays great emphasis on the supernatural element in the career of Jesus, and who wrote for Gentile readers to whom any information about the birth of Him whom they had taken as their Saviour must have been welcome, especially any information so astounding in character as the story of a supernatural conception, says nothing of the origin of Jesus. Moreover, his narrative seems, in an indirect manner, to exclude the miraculous conception. For it tells how Mary went forth from Nazareth, with some of her family, in order to take Jesus by force and bring Him back to His home (Mark 3: 21, 31). This was in the early springtime of the Galilean ministry, when the preaching of Jesus and the cures wrought by Him were exciting wide-spread interest. Now we could believe that the brothers of Jesus, being ignorant of what had transpired at His birth, would not have shrunk from a violent interference with His work, had that work seemed to them likely to lead to political complications or otherwise to endanger or embarrass His family; but that Mary herself, after the marvellous experiences, which by Luke and Matthew she is said to have had, could have gone to such lengths, seems incredible. We may say, then, that according to this oldest Gospel Mary herself is an indirect witness against the story of a supernatural birth of Jesus.

Again, Peter and Paul bear us out in the statement that the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus is not an integral and

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vital part of the Christian religion. If that story was vouched for by any one in the first Christian generation who was qualified to speak, then Peter, one of the "pillars" of the Mother Church at Jerusalem, would have been likely to know of it. But neither in his Letter nor in the words which are attributed to him in Acts is there any trace of an acquaintance with the story recorded in Matthew and Luke. Paul, too, is silent in regard to it. Yet he was acquainted with the Jerusalem church. Near the beginning of his Christian career he had spent two weeks with Peter, and among his co-laborers were Barnabas and Silas, distinguished members of the Mother Church, who doubtless knew all that was known there regarding the life of Jesus. And Paul was not only in a position to know the facts regarding the birth of Jesus, but he was also of a speculative mind that would probably have led him to make some use of the story of a supernatural birth of Jesus had such a story existed and been in good standing in his time.

Finally, we have a right to say that the story of a supernatural birth of Jesus is not an integral and vital part of the Christian religion because Jesus Himself was silent in regard to His birth. It is reasonable to believe that He knew all that was to be known on the subject. It is also reasonable to believe that He would have told His disciples if there had been anything regarding His parentage and birth that was of peculiar importance for their understanding of Him. If He was aware that His birth had been absolutely unique, if, to use the language of the Creed, He was aware that He had been "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," then His silence is unintelligible. For here He was concerned not with something incidental to His person, but with a vital and far-reaching reality. The silence of Jesus on this matter is of more weight, or ought to be, than any amount of speech from others. In the presence of this single fact, were there no confirmatory grounds, the Christian disciple is amply justified in saying that the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus is not an integral part of the religion of the New Testament.

We are now ready to ask whence this story came. It is scarcely necessary to-day to show that it is wholly un-Jewish. It is well known that the Old Testament never contemplates a future deliverer who is other than a true, normal man. The thought of a Messiah who should be physically descended from God is alto-

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gether foreign to it. The appeal Isaiah 7: 14, made first in Matthew and which has been re-echoed to the present hour, is not an appeal to the original text, but to an incorrect Greek translation. The "young woman" of the Hebrew original became a "virgin" in the Greek rendering, and this seemed to furnish excellent Scripture authority for the view represented in our first and third Gospels. But this was a delusion. The great prophet was made responsible for a teaching which neither he nor any Old Testament writer ever entertained.

This teaching is likewise foreign to Jewish writings of the period between the Old Testament and the coming of Christ. The *Similitudes* of Enoch speak of a heavenly Messiah, but there is no trace of the idea that this heavenly Being was to come into organic relation to mankind.

We shall not dwell, then, on the point that the affinities of the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus are not Jewish. It is true that the story, especially as given by Luke, has a Jewish color. It speaks of Gabriel, of the throne of David, the house of Jacob and other details that are Jewish; but this color may have been given by a Gentile believer as well as by a Jew. Moreover, it *is* merely *color;* it does not touch the essence of the story.

We proceed at once to indicate why this story of the birth of Jesus ought to be regarded as of Greek origin. It is not meant that the Greeks were the only people who conceived of distinguished men as sprung from human mothers and divine fathers, but only that, as regards the origin of our story, we need not look beyond the Greek environment. This environment was saturated with the thought that great personalities were the offspring of gods. Such were the mighty figures of prehistoric times, Hercules and Æsculapius, Hermes and Dionysus. Such also were the distinguished characters of history in ever-increasing numbers. From the fifth century before Christ onward into our era the belief in physical descent from a god and an earthly mother pervaded all classes of society. Speusippus, nephew and successor of Plato as head of the Academy, believed that the great philosopher was born of a virgin, and this came to be an accepted view. Philo of Alexandria was so deeply influenced by the Greek philosophy that he ascribed the paternity of Isaac directly to God. Justin Martyr, who was born not long after the composition of our synoptic Gospels and in whom we can see how an educated

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Greek looked at the doctrine of the supernatural birth of Jesus, said in his Apology, addressed to Antoninus Pius: "When we say that the Word, who is the first birth of God, was produced without sexual union, and that He, Jesus Christ our teacher, was crucified and died and rose again and ascended into heaven, we propound nothing different from what you believe regarding those whom you esteem sons of Jupiter." And again he says: "If we affirm that He was born of a virgin, accept this in common with what you accept of Perseus."

It will not be transcending the Greek environment of the early church if we draw an illustration from Roman history, for in this point of descent from the gods as in a thousand others the Romans borrowed from the Greeks. Suetonius in his history of Augustus does not hesitate to ascribe to Apollo the paternity of the great Emperor, and Vergil, a century earlier, in the Sixth Book of his Æneid, speaks of Augustus as *divi genus*.

These illustrations are sufficient to show that the doctrine of the physical descent of great men from gods had long been an article in the creed of the Greek world. Whether we think with Justin that the Greeks and Romans were led to this belief by "wicked devils," or regard it, somewhat more charitably, as a sincere religious attempt to account for the mystery of extraordinary personalities, the fact itself remains.

Now when one reflects that the Christian Church after the destruction of Jerusalem was very largely, perhaps we might say *essentially*, a church made up of Greek-speaking people, when also one reflects that this conception of physical descent from gods in the case of great men was as characteristic of the Greeks as the thought of evolution is of the present generation, and when, finally, one considers that the earliest Gospel left the origin and childhood of Jesus a blank and so an open field for speculation, it cannot appear strange that Gentile converts claimed a miraculous birth for that teacher and wonder-worker whose wisdom and might far transcended those of all other great men. From the Greek point of view this result was almost inevitable.

To sum up now in a word, we may say that the story of the supernatural birth of Jesus, which is a loose and alien element in the New Testament, is essentially Greek. Its Jewish color pertains only to the literary form.

They who originated the story, or stories, of the birth of Jesus

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—for the discrepant narratives of Matthew and Luke may go back to independent sources—doubtless believed that they were speaking what was essentially true. The miraculous conception was for them a natural, if not necessary, inference from the stupendous results of the teaching of Jesus. A man whose name had penetrated the entire Empire of Rome in less than a century and had called into existence almost countless societies of disciples must have sprung directly from God. Hence it is not likely that it occurred to them to search for contemporary evidence of the truth of their narrative. Moreover, they did not live in an age that was given to investigating the historical grounds of its beliefs. This particular article of belief was simply a part of the Greek heritage, and in the thought of Greek Christians it needed no other support than that which any one could find in abundance in the victories which were daily being achieved in the name of Jesus.

And the originators of the story not only believed it to be essentially true to fact, they also, beyond question, felt that this story rendered to Jesus a just meed of praise. Wide circles must have shared this feeling, for not otherwise could we explain how the story came to be incorporated in the narratives of Matthew and Luke.

But in this whole matter of the miraculous conception of Jesus the modern view differs from that of the early Greek Christians. We do not seek to account for great personalities, even for the greatest known among men, in the way they did. To us God appears as a God of order, who invariably honors His own laws and institutions. Doubtless the personality of Jesus still has its profound mystery, but this is not illuminated for us by the Greek solution. That only begets new mysteries. Finally, it cannot be said of the age that is beginning to reject the Greek story of the miraculous conception of Jesus that it is less concerned to honor Him than were those unknown believers who first gave currency to that story. No age has ever given to Jesus more intelligent and sincere honor than is being rendered by the present. But our world is widely different from that of the first century, and some things which seemed natural then are for us irrational and impossible.

GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT.

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SOUTHERN LEADERSHIP SINCE THE CIVIL WAR.

BY GARLAND GREEVER.

THE attention of the country has of late been arrested by the action of sundry Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in demanding with no little vehemence that the statue of Lee be excluded from the hall of the nation's celebrities at Washington. Similar but less stringent protests emanated from the same quarter a few months ago when the State of Mississippi presented to the battleship named in her honor a silver service which was stamped with the likeness of Jefferson Davis. The two incidents, while containing nothing, to be sure, that need cause alarm, are not without significance. Among thinking classes in the North they are likely to produce only two results: a mild inquiry whether the Government would be justified technically in accepting the gifts, and a languid regret that old wounds are not healed. In the South, however, we can hardly expect that they will be so lightly dismissed; for they indicate a tendency, which would seem to be rather strongly marked, to ignore the advice of such men as ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft—a tendency to consider the achievements and the spirit of the South as in no sense forming a part of our national heritage.

As a Southerner myself, and the son of a captain in the cavalry of the Southland, I am naturally a trifle reluctant to admit that the term "Confederacy" is synonymous with "villainy" or "treason." I am also a bit skeptical as to the inherent and absolute wrongness of the conservative and the superlative rightness of the progressive when contentions arise through which "the old order changeth," for I have a fleeting suspicion that if the former may become an "old fogy" the latter may become a

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"fire-eater"; and I am ditto as regards the Cavalier and the Puritan. The truth is I am not an extremist on either side; for it has been my good fortune to have my ideas moulded to a large extent by my father—a man who, as he was not afraid of the testing of issues by the sword, was likewise manly enough to accept without bitterness the result of the struggle. It has been instilled into my mind that the victors in the war between the States were generous, and that, whatever virulence or contempt remained, it was not shared by any large number of those who had themselves smelled powder. This opinion I have had somewhat rudely shattered at times. I have heard Federal soldiers say that they had no wish to "shake hands and make up"; and I know of one Federal soldier, whose complaint of a business need for funds had been answered by my father with a courteous proffer of a loan, who afterwards declared in private to a friend that he "didn't want any of the damned old rebel's money." While such instances tend to rouse the ire, I have always taken them as exceptions that prove the rule that in the North at least, where there are few traces of the dreadful aftermath of the conflict, there is little resentful feeling. Yet, according to newspaper accounts, General Frederick D. Grant was either present without actively participating or near at hand without commenting unfavorably afterwards when a resolution was passed urging in wrathful terms the rejection of Lee's statue—a charge that without further evidence I refuse to believe against the son of the magnanimous conqueror. In recent weeks, however, I have seen in a letter published without editorial condemnation in a reputable magazine an angry reference to Lee (and through him to every Southern soldier) as a traitor; and still more recently I have read that a Grand Army Post has paired Lee off, not with Lord Falkland or the Shakesperean Brutus, but with Benedict Arnold. But it is not, after all, in the envenomed utterance, but rather in the public complacency that permits it, that I see a menace to justice and the South. An aggressive unreason will defeat itself, whereas there may dwell a dangerous perversion in that national habit of thought which is slowly and unconsciously acquired. I have, therefore, no wish, now or ever, to speak harshly of any of the people of the North; I reserve my reproaches for the hotheads of my section. I would simply inquire whether, germinant and growing north of Mason and Dixon's Line, there is not

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a disposition more hurtful than the mere hostility of a few. I would ask if this is not the time to determine whether further adjustments can proceed only on the basis of a relinquishment by the South of all her traditions—a time to elicit from sober-minded citizens in the North that "sweetness and light" which their hasty and, more pertinently, their indifferent neighbors are inclined to violate.*

It would be wearisome and useless to thresh over the questions as to whether the South had a right to secede and whether her attitude toward human servitude was grossly wrong. With regard to the former question, I believe that fair-minded men in the North are willing to concede that, judging by the letter of the Constitution and the intentions of its framers, the South had the better of the argument; while fair-minded men in the South admit that the logic of Calhoun, though it was unanswerable, was nevertheless refuted by the national idea of Webster. With regard to the second question, I believe that impartial minds in the North will confess that the South was by no means solely responsible for the inception of the traffic in slaves, and that Southern efforts toward manumission were checked and chilled through the jealousies aroused by the clamorous abolition movement; while the saner element in the South will refuse to deny the moral and economic benefits that have accrued to their section from the emancipation. Seen thus, the Civil War and the sufferings it entailed are irresistibly tragic—a gory illustration of the way in which discord and mutual distrust mar that "manifest destiny" which we are prone to picture as gently guiding the world. The two sections could not amicably continue a union which both had established through sacrifice, nor could they perform together a deed of mercy which either would have done alone. Against this sombre background we must judge the subsequent conduct of the South. Whether her course in ante-bellum days was a perfect one is not of the slightest consequence. Two points we should bear in mind: that her course was entirely

* Since writing the above I have seen two encouraging tokens. The Northern press has condemned the sweeping anti-Southern utterances of Senator Heyburn of Idaho, and has generously lauded the broad-spirited valedictory of Senator Gordon of Mississippi. The one incident would indicate that the Northern partisan, like the "professional Southerner," has no place in the civilization of the future; the other would indicate that the thing now needed is an exposition of Southern sentiment at its best.

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sincere, and that it was not the anomaly of history in that it was wholly mistaken. We should realize the human element; we should remember that the present is not to be judged independently of the influence of the past; we should understand that when the strife was over Southerners were face to face with the gloomy problem of adapting themselves to a condition in which they had not believed and which fate, not apostasy, had impelled them to resist.

To a problem so stupendous as this, who in the South has brought the most charitable spirit, the largest outlook, and the noblest solution? With what leadership of lower conceptions has his spirit been forced to combat? In the ultimate light of history, how should his labor be judged?

I should unhesitatingly say that the man who most fully exemplifies the loftiest leadership of the South since the war is the man the censure of whom calls forth this article, the man who when others despairingly cried, "O Lord, revive thy work *in the midst* of the years" saw his way clearly as by inspiration. Robert E. Lee was not only the consummate flower of the Old South; he is also the beacon and prophet of the New.

Out of the agony of our civil conflict rose two men who in moral stature and insight into affairs were almost superhuman—Lincoln and Lee. Between them was a remarkable contrast. Between them was a remarkable likeness. Both were natives of the South; but in the world-old struggle bequeathed from England one became the champion of the Puritan, the other the embodiment of the Cavalier. Lincoln was the child of shiftless parents; Lee was the best-born man in America. Lincoln was homely, and often at first sight gave offence; Lee was handsome, and never failed to command admiration. Lincoln forged through harassing adversities, that he might mount and uplift; Lee refused emoluments and honors, that he might stoop and serve. Lincoln hailed the outcome of the contest, "With malice toward none, with charity for all"; Lee greeted it with the manly statement, "I believe it is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony." Lincoln, in the hour when his spirit triumphed, was defeated in body; Lee, at the time when his body was defeated, triumphed in spirit. If we subscribe to the plea of Lamar, "My countrymen! *know* one another and

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you will *love* one another," we should earnestly study the soul of Lincoln and the soul of Lee.

It is a deplorable fact and a sad commentary on mortal dereliction that neither of these men has been adequately appreciated even in the section whose cause he upheld. In the name of both mischief has been wrought that is far from the spirit of either. Of the two I think Lee is the more misunderstood. Nay, I believe that if the American people would repair their greatest neglect of the legacy derivable from a single character in their history they would have to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the real nature of Lee. That nature is amply set forth in the "Life and Letters" edited by his son, a book not to be surpassed as a quiet teacher of patriotism. And the period most worthy of emphasis—the one which is generally overlooked—is that in Lee's life which followed the collapse of the Confederacy.

There is no wish on my part to imply an apology for the years preceding. Lee's record in the military service of the United States was altogether honorable. So efficient was it that, as every one knows, at the beginning of the war he could have had the command of the Northern armies. To set aside the personal glory he could thus have won was no hardship to a man of his character, but as the hours dragged on and the struggle drew nigh he felt "the burden of the mystery," "the heavy and the weary weight" of a momentous national crisis. He knew as few did how much was involved. To secession he had been opposed; but to take up arms against his brethren in the South was also an evil from which he shrank. Graphically has the historian pictured the tumult of his spirit when he was driven to a choice. Pacing up and down the veranda of his home at Arlington, he looked across the Potomac where floated upon the Capitol at Washington the flag of his country; then, turning his face toward Virginia's fields, he heard the voice of a mother. His decision was made through the whispered word "duty"—"the sublimest word," he has called it, "in our language." Of his courage and genius through the years of arduous battle I need not speak. It should never be forgotten that if his knightly soul bore the shadow of resentment, it was only towards those whose reckless rancor had brought on the conflict. He once declared, "I have fought against the people of the North, but I have never cherished towards them bitter or vindictive feelings, and I have never seen

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the day when I did not pray for them." But high-minded and vicarious as he had been throughout, he did not reveal the fulness of the unsullied grandeur of his character until he turned his steps homeward from Appomattox.

What was the course upon which he embarked—the course which our American people are inclined to ignore in making their estimate of him? That his procedure was right will be the more obvious if we consider just here two other types of leadership that have flourished in the South since the war.

The first type is represented by Thomas Dixon, Jr., the author of "The Leopard's Spots." It is rabidly reactionary; it sweepingly condemns whatever is not of the South, Southern. Its food is an outworn animosity; its appeal is to instincts of revenge; its aim is to reverse the processes of time, to foment discord, and to engender bitterness. Let me say that it is inexpressibly harmful to the South. It furnishes an earth-clog that fetters the most liberal undertakings; it makes whole communities as the man

> "Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind";

it makes the demagogue strong in the approval of mobs that are won by the sophistries that sound like truth rather than by truth itself. Yet, filled with blind hatred as it is, it is a logical outcome of the disasters that the South underwent. How extreme these were few Northerners can realize. I myself have before my eyes every Sabbath morning a symbol of them; for in the church where I worship are memorial tablets inscribed with the names of the pastors who successively ministered to the flock, but the space for the years '64 and '65 is as bare and blank as death. A Northerner who had moved to this section once said to me: "When I came here, I heard casually that on the approach of raiders in war time people buried their treasures in earth. I said to myself, 'Fools! what made them do that?' Then the thought came to me: 'Great God! In this way alone, the pitiable way of primeval animals—in this way alone whole communities could save the poor means to keep soul and body together.'" Yet the war itself was not the worst; the war itself was as nothing! Thoughtlessly speak of the Reconstruction period? To us it was the Re-*de*struction period. Our stable citizenship was disfranchised; late bondsmen, illiterate and gloating with sudden privileges, were vested with unbridled authority; that vandal, the

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carpetbagger from the North, and that harpy, the scalawag from the South, united to one heinous end, heaped upon our prostrate and impoverished people indignities and calamities such as few races have ever been forced to endure. The masses in the North, to be sure, could not have been aware of these rapacities, else they had never been permitted to continue. But could the majority of Southerners have been expected to discriminate? Can all be expected, since the scars are still on them, to discriminate yet? The vitriolic spirit of Dixon was the inevitable consequence of the anguish imposed by the war and the unspeakable inhumanity that followed.

The second type, too, has its foundations deep in human nature. It is free from all violent distemper; it is linked with a genial charity and an august forgiveness; but it is haunted by regrets for a cause that it thinks of as lost, and it ceaselessly mourns "That there hath passed away a glory from the earth." Its most outspoken advocate was the late Father Ryan, whose poem of "The Conquered Banner" concludes with the line, "For its people's hopes are dead!" But its chastened and beautiful spirit is subtly and pervasively present in thousands of other personalities that are equally gentle; nor do I think it is absent from Thomas Nelson Page himself. This tendency to idealize a departed condition has commendable aspects, and yet I believe it is dangerous. The objection I bring to it is that its perspective is wrong. It implies the paralysis of hopes destroyed, the inertness of blighted prospects. It cries that at the end of the war the curtain dropped. It tells us that Eden has been left behind. It bids us wander forlornly among the graves of things gone, weeping about the tombstones of memory, benighted and groping amid the shadows of "the days that are no more." It does not sufficiently discern that, though outward forms have perished, the inspiration of a spirit continues; it does not hold forth the assurance that communities, like men,

> "May rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things";

nor does it thrill with conviction that, so long as the resources of the section are as one ear of corn where two ought to grow, so long as the needs of the world are unsatisfied, so long as the perfection of the race lies before, the traditions of the South may abide and the vitality of the South know countless resurrections.

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If the doctrine of Dixon is that of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, if the attitude of Ryan is pure but pathetically hopeless, no reproach or aspersion can be brought from honest hearts against the spirit of Lee. The golden privilege that awaits the public-spirited man of the South is that of convincing the masses that Lee is the abundant answer to the other two. I have sat in a Southern audience that was violently inflamed by Dixon's play of "The Clansman" and have wondered how that audience would feel if before it could be read some of Lee's letters—how it would feel if confronted with his words: "I have thought from the time of the cessation of hostilities that silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course, and I think so still." I have heard from a hundred standpoints and in a hundred disguises the impossible longings of Ryan expressed and have said in my heart that they were as the borrowed splendors of the moon when compared with Lee's reply to a kinsman who had asked what was left to be done: "You can work for Virginia—to build her up again, to make her great again."

Lee was not deterred by adverse conditions. It is true, perhaps, that no man was ever harassed by more trying and relentless difficulties. Perhaps it is also true that the responsibility would have broken his life had he not found relief in his rides on his war steed, Traveller, in those flashes of tender playfulness that mellowed the dignity of his character, in kindly intercourse with his neighbors, and in the hallowed quiet of the domestic circle. I have shown already how drained and depleted was the conquered South. I ask that you remember, in addition, that at the close of the war Lee was for the first time in his life without an official position, that his estate had been confiscated, that he was a prisoner on parole, and that he was suspected, scanned, and unmercifully assailed from the North. With undaunted fortitude and forbearance he met the issues that the times presented. He counseled patience and submission. He urged economy, insisting that the lavishness of ante-bellum times could no longer be maintained. He encouraged industry. He gave his old soldiers a rallying cry that any brave people should admire: "Tell them they must all set to work, and if they cannot do what they prefer, do what they can." Nor did he stop with mere words. He set the example by accepting the presidency of Washington College. The institution at that time was hampered in finances, it had an

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enrollment of but forty, and it was twenty-three miles from a railroad. Yet with it he remained till his death, administering its affairs with prudence, energy, and courage. It is the wisdom of human life to work under limitations, so these be unavoidable and not self-imposed; and never did affliction encounter a worthier opponent than it found in Lee.

Let me state more clearly than I have hitherto done Lee's basic claim on the gratitude of the nation. It rests in the fact that his spirit was essentially creative, that he was no more anxious to reconcile than he was to upbuild. Perchance the assertion sounds strange to those who have heard, time out of mind, that the South, unbendingly arrayed against the innovating forces of the North, stood first of all for conservatism. Let us revise the idea that admits no exception and make current the knowledge that the best men on both sides were gifted with qualities not confined to their section. Even a superficial study of Lee's deportment after the surrender will disclose how flimsy is the argument sometimes leveled at his greatness that his temperament was destructive or, at best, negative. By precept on the right occasions and by practice always, he showed, amid obstacles that might well have appalled, an ardent desire and intention to weld together the sundered purposes of Americanism and to shape and erect something lasting in that "long warfare for the emancipation of mankind." With his restraint and his reverence for the old he combined an animation for the new that had descended as his right from the South of the Revolution—the South of Washington, of Jefferson, and of Marshall. Because he wished above personal advantage to toil constructively for the good of his country, he was not to be tempted from his humble work at Washington College by the most enticing offers of lucrative employment. In answer to one such offer, he gave the slogan of a new era: "I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

In view of these facts, was not Robert E. Lee a man whom Southerners should emulate and Northerners commend? Is not his example, like the example of Lincoln, too benign for malice to revile it unreproved? Is not his spirit a majestic possession which our people as a whole should forever cherish?

GARLAND GREEVER.

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THE MONTH IN ENGLAND.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

LONDON, *July, 1910.*

IN my last communication I dealt with the prospects of a Conference being called between the leaders of the two chief English parties with a view to the settlement of the Constitutional issue by consent. Hardly had the article left England when the Conference, a mere possibility, though an ardently desired one, when I wrote, became a reality. The Prime Minister addressed a letter to Mr. Balfour inviting the Opposition to meet the Government at a round table and discuss the whole problem in free, unfettered, secret debate. The invitation was accepted, and for the past few weeks Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Birrell and Lord Crewe, representing the Government, and Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cawdor, representing the Opposition, have been in constant deliberation. Nothing is known to the general public—nothing, I may as well frankly add, is known to myself—as to the course or temper of their debates. Many attempts have been made in the House of Commons to "draw" Mr. Asquith on the subject, but they have all deservedly failed. Except the protagonists themselves and a very small circle of their colleagues, all of whom are pledged to secrecy, everybody is completely in the dark. The eight gentlemen I have named form what is hardly less than a Constitutional Convention. They are charged with the task of framing a new organic act of Government for the British State. But they are in no sense plenipotentiaries. Their agreement, if they reach one, will have to be ratified by their respective followers, will have to be debated and subscribed to by both Houses of Parliament. It is true, of course, that any solution or compact arrived at between the two front Benches is extremely unlikely to be rejected

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by either House. Nevertheless, the position, from the standpoint of the average party man, remains embarrassing and even irksome. Here is the most momentous transaction that British statesmen have engaged in for at least a hundred years. It is a transaction which is bound to leave a permanent mark on the workings of British institutions. And it is being carried out behind closed doors, without a single announcement of any kind being made as to its progress or possible outcome. Small wonder that the average party man looks upon the whole proceeding with suspicion. A Conference between the Government and the Opposition on any question is so opposed to the ordinary rules of Parliamentary warfare that the men in the rank and file always regard it with misgivings. But a Conference on such a question as this, a question of unequalled magnitude, passionately fought over and fraught with vital consequences to every political issue that is now before the British public—and to many, also, that are only waiting for an opportunity to come crowding to the front—raises suspicion and misgivings to a point little short of revolt.

But the country as a whole pays little heed to the complainings of the average party man. It has welcomed the Conference with whole-hearted thankfulness. From the very beginning of this controversy all moderate men have insisted that it could only be settled permanently by some such Conference as is now in session; that assuming a change in the British Constitution to be necessary—and on that point the agreement is well-nigh universal—it could not, if it was to endure, be a change made simply to meet the convenience of a single party, but must inevitably be of a character to command the assent of all parties; that the attempt to evolve a new Constitution out of the welter of Parliamentary strife and the disorder of a series of General Elections was bound sooner or later to end, after months and possibly years of bitter and barren conflict, in a ludicrous failure; and that the only sane course, the only course worthy of the political genius of the British people, was to grapple with the problem in the patient seclusion of a Conference. These views have been steadily gaining ground during the past six months. Ultimately, though it might have been years hence, they would, I think, assuredly have prevailed. But so long as the struggle was proceeding along the lines of unbridled partisanship, they stood little chance of

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obtaining an effective hearing. In that sense King Edward's death was providential. It sobered the extremists on both sides; it brought home to the nation, as nothing else could have done, the folly and indignity of the course that was being pursued; it tuned the national heart and mind to a higher and more rational note. Men felt that the grave of King Edward the Peacemaker could not be dishonored by an orgy of factional strife; and they felt not less strongly and not less instinctively that the new King should not be hustled, that ample time should be allowed him for looking all round the situation, and that to permit the early months of his reign to be marred by a Constitutional convulsion would be to insult the Monarch and jeopardize the best interests of the Monarchy. The man in the street simply took it for granted that the altered situation would enforce a truce to party contentions and pave the way to an enduring compromise.

None the less, Mr. Asquith risked a good deal in inviting the Conference. He is the leader, one must remember, not of a compact homogeneous party, but of a Coalition. The Liberals in the House of Commons outnumber the Conservatives by no more than two; the remainder of their majority is composed of the Labor men and the Irish Nationalists. If Mr. Redmond and his followers were to break away from the Government and to vote with the Conservatives they would bring about its immediate downfall. This is a fact which can never be absent from the minds of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues in the Ministry; it influences their actions at all times; it governs them at some. But this only sets in a clearer light the risks which the Prime Minister ran and the courage he showed in running them when he invited the Conference. For he must have been very well aware that a large number of his followers would view his overtures with the deepest mistrust. At the time of the King's death, it may be remembered, the Government had passed through the House of Commons a series of Resolutions dealing with the House of Lords. These Resolutions (1) deprived the House of Lords of all power over finance, (2) abolished its right of rejecting any measure that had passed the House of Commons three times in not less than two years, and (3) repealed the Septennial Act and limited the duration of Parliament to five years. If these Resolutions were rejected or were refused con-

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sideration by the House of Lords Mr. Asquith had undertaken to invoke the Royal prerogative—that is, to advise the Crown to create a sufficient number of new Peers to override the resistance of the Upper House. If the Sovereign declined to accept the Ministerial advice and to act upon it forthwith, Mr. Asquith had intended to resign office. If, on the other hand, the Sovereign had pledged himself to carry out the wishes of his Ministers in the event of their being ratified by the people after another General Election, then Mr. Asquith had announced that he would dissolve Parliament at once and appeal to the country.

Such was the programme to which the Liberal party stood committed at the moment of King Edward's death. It was a programme fiercely resented by the Conservatives and supported with equal ardor by at least three sections of the Coalition. The Moderate Liberals at no time felt any great affection for it. Sir Edward Grey, indeed, went so far as to prophesy that if the Liberals attempted to solve the problem before them by whittling down the legislative powers of the House of Lords while leaving its composition unaltered and unreformed—which is precisely the course the Liberals have chosen—the result could only be "death, disaster and damnation." But among the Radicals, the Labor men and the Irish Nationalists there was and is nothing but the keenest enthusiasm for the Ministerial policy. The Radicals regard it as equivalent to the removal of the last barrier that stands between Liberalism and a full freedom of legislative opportunity; the Labor men regard it as an equally long step towards the final abolition of the Upper Chamber; and the Irish Nationalists frankly admit that they look upon it as tantamount to the granting of Home Rule. When, therefore, these three sections heard that the policy which they hold to be vital to their aims was to be committed to the chances of a round-table Conference, they felt almost a sense of betrayal. For nothing can be more certain than that the Government's Veto Resolutions will never be assented to by the Conservatives in anything like their original form, and that if the Conference results in an agreement it must necessarily be at the expense of the Ministerial programme. The Radicals, the Labor men and the Irish Nationalists know perfectly well that this is so; and the knowledge has driven them to the verge of mutiny. They have not the same confidence in their representatives in the Conference that the Conservatives

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place in Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cawdor. They are haunted by the fear that they may somehow be "sold."

Personally, I am convinced that their apprehensions are groundless. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Crewe and Mr. Birrell are not the men to assent to any compromise that does not obtain for Liberalism everything that is imperatively necessary. The trouble with their followers is that they do not yet realize that what is "imperatively necessary" for the self-respect and effectiveness of the Liberal party can be obtained even though the Veto Resolutions have to be in great part thrown overboard. What Liberalism wants and what it ought to have is an equal chance with the Conservatives of writing its measures on the Statute-book. At present it has not an equal chance. The House of Lords is permanently under the domination of the Conservative party, who are thus able to retrieve in the Upper Chamber the defeats sustained at the polls and in the House of Commons. The Conservatives, therefore, whether in office or in opposition, thus enjoy a power of influencing legislation which is denied to their opponents. One result of the controversy that has raged during the past eight months is that the country is now pretty well convinced that Liberalism should no longer be placed at this conspicuous disadvantage. Means must be found, it is now generally recognized, of placing both parties on an equality of legislative opportunity. That is a principle which, in my judgment, finds to-day an all but unanimous acceptance. So long as proper effect is given to it, Liberals will have obtained all they really need and all they can fairly ask. But obviously there are many other ways of giving effect to it besides the way marked out by the Government's Veto Resolutions. Those Resolutions, indeed, by depriving the House of Lords of the power of rejecting measures that had passed the House of Commons three times in not less than two years, brought the country to the very edge of Single-Chamber Government. Neither the Conservatives nor the English people as a whole will ever, in my dispassionate conviction, accept any such solution of the problem as a permanent settlement. It was, perhaps, the worst solution that could possibly have been devised. The country, I think it may be said, is substantially at one in desiring a strong Second Chamber with effective powers not only of amendment and delay, but of rejection.

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This I take to be the second principle which will have to be observed in any compromise that is to endure. The third principle is that the supremacy of the House of Commons in all matters of finance must be put beyond the possibility of challenge. Pretty nearly everybody agrees that the Lords must never again be allowed the chance of rejecting a Budget. Even the Conservatives seem now resigned to gagging them on this vital matter, providing that strict precautions are taken against "tacking"—that is, against the inclusion of non-financial matter in a financial Bill—and providing also that the Speaker of the House of Commons is not loaded with the difficult and dangerous responsibility of deciding, in any given case, whether the offence of "tacking" has or has not been actually committed.

These three principles (1) of all parties enjoying an equal chance of carrying their legislative programmes into effect, (2) of the supremacy of the House of Commons in finance, and (3) of the maintenance of a strong Second Chamber with the power of rejecting ordinary measures preserved intact, are principles that afford, I cannot help thinking, a solid basis for an enduring settlement, such as the nation would gratefully accept. But to translate them into realities the Liberals must clearly abandon their Veto Resolutions, except the one gagging the Lords in matters of finance, and approach the central problem from a totally fresh standpoint, recognizing that if once they are in possession of the same advantages that the Conservatives enjoy their real grievance will have been remedied. But how are these advantages to be secured to them? Well, there are many ways. A system of Joint Committees on which the Government of the day would command a fixed majority and to which bills would be referred in the event of an otherwise insoluble disagreement between the two Houses, is one method that is being much discussed. The transformation of the House of Lords into an elective or mainly elective Chamber, in which each party would have, so far as a paper scheme could secure it, an equal chance of obtaining a majority, is another plan by which the end in view could be reached. I cannot now discuss either of these schemes in detail. What I wish to bring out is that the Radicals, Labor men and Irish Nationalists who mistrust the Conference because it threatens to make an end of most of the Government's Veto Resolutions need really have no fears at all. The Veto Resolu-

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tions, it is true, are not likely to emerge from the Conference in anything like their original form. But even so, as I have tried to show, the end at which they aimed may be attained in other and better ways. No agreement by consent, in short, is conceivable that does not place the Liberals and their allies in a far more favorable position for writing their measures on the Statute-book than they occupy at present. The country as a whole is sanguine that an agreement by consent will be reached. The members of the Conference are such seasoned and experienced statesmen, the hour is so propitious, and the alternative to a compromise is so repellent to every instinct of patriotism and good feeling, that there really seems a chance that the old reputation of the English people for political moderation and practicality may once more be vindicated.

So long as the Conference is in being, so long as no man can say for certain whether the issue will be war or peace, all ordinary politics seem necessarily insipid. The provision for the new Civil List and the Regency Bill will probably have been satisfactorily disposed of before this letter appears in print. The Government have had the courage and good sense to bring in a Bill for amending the King's Declaration by omitting the passages that were offensive to Roman Catholics and by restricting the Sovereign to a simple affirmation of Protestantism. The first reading of the Bill was carried by 383 to 42, and though the opponents of the measure will doubtless endeavor to stir up the country against it—its final stages cannot be completed until the House reassembles in November for an autumn session—I do not anticipate that they will succeed in postponing any longer this tardy concession to toleration and decency. Mr. Lloyd George's Budget proved to be last year's Budget over again. It imposed no new taxes whatever and it remitted none; and it showed a small surplus. Considering that it was framed to meet an increased expenditure of $50,000,000, this must be held a very striking vindication, first, of the productivity of last year's Budget and, secondly, of the fiscal system which brings into the Treasury every penny that is imposed on the taxpayer. Mr. Lloyd George announced that after January 1st the pauper disqualification in connection with old-age pensions would cease, and he further announced that the Government were contemplating a great national scheme of insurance against unemployment and invalidity on a

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contributory basis — a scheme that would embrace over fifteen millions of working men and women. The Budget is, in short, a prosperity Budget—and Great Britain just now is not merely prosperous, but was never more so. Everything points to a "boom" that will surpass in magnitude and duration any that these islands have yet known. Apart from all this, the Budget was remarkable for retaining the increased whiskey duty which a year's experience has shown to be at once worthless as a source of financial revenue and invaluable as an aid to temperance. The Irish Nationalists brought the strongest pressure upon Mr. Lloyd George to lower the duty, but he very creditably refused; and it now remains to be seen whether Mr. Redmond and his followers will take the extreme course of voting against the reimposition of the duty, whether, if they do so, they will be supported by the Unionists—in which case the Government would be thrown out—or whether before the decisive vote is taken in November or December Mr. Asquith will be able to appease them by such an announcement as to the progress and prospects of the Conference as will leave them no option but to keep on supporting the Government. There is only one other matter of political moment in Great Britain just now, and that is the question of woman suffrage. A Bill has been introduced extending the Parliamentary vote to those women who at present enjoy the municipal vote, and two days will have been devoted to debating it before this letter reaches you. There is little chance of the Bill passing, and the effect of its failure upon the temper of the suffragist movement will certainly be anything but pacifying. We are rather given to a gloomy outlook in England at this moment. One distinguished publicist was hinting at the possibility of a civil war as the outcome of the Constitutional struggle. A more probable forecast is that a Cabinet Minister murdered or shot at and a suffragette done to death by a mob will mark the next phase of the woman movement.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

POETRY.

If any one were inclined to question that although the poet is born, the artist is made, this valuable reprint of George Meredith's early "Poems"* might be taken as testimony in the matter. Here we find the first draught of "Love in a Valley," as well as the poem which was the evident forerunner of "The Southwester" and "Hard Weather." The seed of all the Meredithian doctrines are here in embryo, but are not yet, as it were, fully in flower. An excellent exercise in criticism is a minute comparison of the early "Love in a Valley" and its completed form. In the magic stanza which Stevenson loved,

"When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,"

there is but one minute change. It must have sung itself into the young poet's brain as pure and perfect inspiration. The single change is in the last line:

"I should lose but one for so many boys and girls."

In the later draught the word "so" is omitted, giving ease and swing to the metre and a finer distinction to the sense.

The third line of stanza one, "Her knees folded up and her tresses on her bosom," is changed afterwards to the much freer, "Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly." The entire second stanza is greatly improved in the later draught. The earlier poem has but eleven stanzas as against twenty-six in the later one. The pictures of the Young Love stepping down the hills with her fair companions, and of all the girls out gathering primroses, are entirely omitted in the earlier version and also the loveliest flower passages, such as:

* "Poems Written in Early Youth." By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

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"Yellow with bird-foot trefoil are the grass glades;
Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-gray leaf;
Yellow with stone crop; the moss mounds are yellow;
Blue-necked the wheat sways, yellowing to the sheaf.
Green-yellow bursts from the copse the laughing yaffle,
Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade and shine;
Earth in her heart laughs looking at the heavens,
Thinking of the harvest; I look and think of mine."

The poem as it stands even in the first version has a young magic in it, but it is not the supreme poem that a great artist made it later.

It is interesting to note in the very earliest poems a certain Wordsworthian commonplaceness of expression, such as:

"It is to make the various skies
And all the various fruits they vaunt
And all the dowers of earth we prize
Subservient to our household want."

Yet struggling through even here is the Meredithian mastery of phrase:

"The vessel took the laughing tides."

"The centre of the striving earth
Round which the human fate is curled."

The set of quatrains on the English poets is disappointing, and only one, we note, is retained in the poet's later work, and this much altered. The "Rape of Aurora" is a preparatory study of "The Hymn to Color." "The Wild Rose" and "The Snowdrop" show the poet's early love of flowers and habit of close, exact observation. Some of the songs, notably "Love within the Lover's Breast" and "The Death of Winter," are charming, and he must indeed have been an austere critic of himself who cut them out of his later work.

It is said that a poet dies young in every man's breast. And doubtless it is true. Poetry must play a little always with magic and glamour and romance, and age turns instinctively to fact. The "Last Poems"* of George Meredith contain beautiful and eloquent passages, as the first description in "Como" and certain lines in "The Wild Rose," and, above all, the beautiful "Youth in Age" with its arresting line,

"And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,"

* "Last Poems." By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

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but the commemorative poems lack somehow the pulse and vitality of the rest of his work, and even the poem on "Ireland" falls short of this great poet's high average.

The same qualities of fine perception, keen satire, conscientious craftsmanship, that many years ago set William Watson in the front rank of English poets are still to be discerned in his latest collection of poems.* The volume must be particularly interesting to Americans, since it contains not only the poet's just arraignment of a frivolous woman using her powerful position for ignoble purposes, which kept the newspapers busy with sensational gossip for months, but the poems "Criticism," "Hate" and "Thoughts on Revisiting a Centre of Commerce" might easily seem to allude to the same period. The "Sonnet to Richard Watson Gilder," which gave the sweet and lesser poet so true a joy, is another link in the book with our inhospitable shores. The "Sonnets to Miranda" are chiselled and perfect if always a little cold, lacking the rich color and warmth of the Rossettian sonnet. The volume is a thin one and contains no one poem worthy to set beside the poet's earlier "Wordsworth's Grave." It has, however, such lovely lyrics as "The Stones of Stanton Drew," "In Dreams," "The Churchyard in the Wold," "The Stream and the Farm," some fine sonnets and keen satires. William Watson wears the mantle dropped from the shoulders of the poet of "Empedocles on Ætna." A lucid explanation of Mr. Watson's method and his aims is contained in the little poem "Criticism."

"There were three critics: Slip and Slop
And Slapdash were their names;
And all three said: 'Your mission, sir?
Your message? and your aims?'

"'Kind gentlemen, to tell the truth,
Nor color fact with fable,
My chief concern is just to write
As well as I am able.

"'Mere honest work my mission is,
My message and my aim.'
'A man of words,' said Slip and Slop,
And Slapdash said the same."

* "New Poems." By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

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With Miss Guiney's volume* we have but one quarrel, and that is with the title. Why should we forecast so early an unwelcome parting? Miss Guiney is to America what Henley is to England. Her tendency has been too purely *belletristic* for her work to gain popularity, but at times she has struck the deep human note which gives a product eternal life. It may be said with a certain pride that such a poem as Henley's

"Out of the night that covers me"

could not be allowed to die; and the same is true of Miss Guiney's "The Kings" with its splendid culmination in the last lines,

"But fighting, fighting, fighting
Die, driven against the wall."

The poems "*Summun Bonum*," "*O Deo Optimo Maximo*," "*Beata Mortui*," stand among the great religious poems of the English language, not colored and laden with perfume as Francis Thompson's, but having a shadow of the same white light that blows about Vaughan's "Night" and "Eternity." Miss Guiney's poetry will live, and more and more we shall find the best of her thoughts and work in the more important anthologies. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Stedman spoke of Miss Guiney's lyrics as "artless ditties"; whatever she may have published to earn that title for them then, she now undoubtedly holds the palm as the most finished craftsman among living American poets.

Mr. Lodge, whose valuable work was cut short by untimely death, had already given us two volumes of much distinction; a series of sonnets entitled "The Great Adventure" and a poetic drama entitled "Herakles." The present volume† contains two occasional poems, a number of sonnets, two poems for which he borrowed Browning's titles "Life in a Love" and "Love in a Life"; a long poem, "Strength and Solitude," and an essay in difficult rhythm called "Faith." Mr. Lodge had in him the stuff of a poet, but he had not so far quite found himself. Here and there in his imagery is the breath of the East, more often a whiff of Browning or blown leaf from Tennyson, and in the

* "Happy Ending." By Louise Imogen Guiney. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

† "The Soul's Inheritance." By George Cabot Lodge. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

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sonnets more than a suggestion of Rossetti. Had he lived, the winds of reminiscence would have passed and he would have won some form of individual utterance. It is evident in all these volumes that he felt more than he had learned to utter. So far his volumes testify more to the student and the thinker than the singer. But it is high and noble thought he utters, even if at times it seems too abstract for poetry, which, indeed, is upheld on the right hand by aspiration after abstract truth, but on the left by the concrete image and the earthen symbol.

It has been noted before in these pages that Mr. Lodge's sonnets are carefully built on Rossettian lines, and particularly has he won the power of building up to one last culminating and gorgeous line. For example,

"The void, vast vision of the Sphinx of Death"

and

"Life's immemorial validities,"

which is particularly a Rossettian line.

Those who, like Mr. Lodge, know their "House of Life" will remember how the cunning master wove into the sonnet line the many syllabled word, gaining thereby a particularly rich and intricate melody.

The dedication to that rare and hidden genius, George Russell, already lends an interest to the unknown name on this charming and demure-looking brown volume.* Nor is one disappointed. Twenty-six little poems make up the volume, but if the quantity is short the quality is exceeding precious. The first poem has in it perhaps more of drama than the others, but not the particular and delicious flavor—what is it?—of the young Irish singer. "Nature," with its simplicity, its natural diction, its insight and its patience has touches—not of reminiscence—but touches that remind us of the strength in sweetness of Blake. "What Thomas an' Buile said in a Pub" and "Seumas Beg" have traces of grim and delightful humor. Once or twice the poet, who is undoubtedly a man, speaks through the lips of a woman uttering her heart as truly at times as Browning did; or as did Henry Bryan Binns, to quote a lesser poet. The closing lines of "The Optimist" give a fair notion of the poet's tendency:

* "Insurrections." By James Stephans. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909.

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"Lo, we are mocked with fancies and we stretch
Meek unavailing arms to anywhere,
But help is none. The North wind cannot fetch
An answer to our cries, nor in the air
Fanned by the South wind's van is any aid.
What then is left but this, that we be brave
And steadfast in our places, not afraid,
However fell our lot, and we will lave
Us deep in human waters till our minds
Grow broad and kindly and we haply steal
A paradise from Nature. Nothing binds
Man closer unto man than that he feel
The trouble of his comrade. So we grope
Through courage, truth and kindness back to hope."

There are continually new testimonies to the spread of the mystic sense; the feeling of the identification of the individual with the larger and ultimate forces of the universe. It is this sense that is set down in the short, unrhymed lyrics of Mrs. Sprague's "My Two Gardens."* One comes across such lines as:

"I seemed to lose all individual consciousness
And my whole garden became myself."

"It has seemed to me that somewhere out of silence
Something would speak to me."

"And as we leave ourselves free
The Soul within unfolds."

The last poem perhaps as well as any gives us what the author is striving to say:

"The Source of all, the great world Power
Enthroned in silence, waits—
Waits until the heart of man freed from all passion
Shall turn to deeds of love."

There is the same difficulty, more exaggerated, in these poems that we noted in Mr. Lodge's; it is the mistaken tendency to discard the earthly symbol. There is something too thin and too rarefied about poetry that is all in the upper regions of abstraction. But the little volume has none the less its own grace and noble charm.

Very sweet and spontaneous is the singing in this prettily named volume,† all compact of tenderness, flowers, tears, smiles

* "My Two Gardens." By A. S. Rochester, New York: The Manas Press, 1909.

† "Flower o' the Grass." By Ada Foster Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.

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and memories, the stuff out of which from time immemorial poetry and life have been made. It is singing rather than poetry, for except the sonnets there is hardly a poem that might not be set to a melody. A great susceptibility to nature, perhaps primarily to autumnal beauty, a certain placidity of outlook, a shining, child-like wonder at the beauty of the world and of love in the world, are among this graceful writer's endowments. She has command of pretty and innocent imagery and a playful fancy.

If one were in a fault-finding mood one might complain that the rhythms are a little too facile, too much

"The sweet, old songs unspoiled by art"

which the author commends in another. It might add to the richness and variety of her verse were she to make search for more intricate and complex movements of the line and more unhackneyed phrases. The word mystic, too, a rather debased word in these days, occurs too often used in the sense of magic. But when all is said this is sweet and kindly singing.

Among the better poems in the volume are "Above Salerno," "The Imprisoned Voice" and "The Flaming Hours," the last one short and lovely enough to quote:

"When woodland ways
Are all ablaze,
The Autumn spreads her cloth of gold
On tangled hedge and briery wold.
Her spears are golden on the height,
Her torches burn with ruddy light;
On ironweed and thistle crown
She flings the purple of renown
When woodland ways are all ablaze."

TRAVEL.

QUITE novel is the undertaking of this book.* To say Professor and Mrs. Allinson have combined a book on travel with a book on Greek poetry is quite to miss the point and to fail of the truth while saying the undisputed. They have thrown the light of poetry on landscape; they have interpreted the psychology of a race by the environment. One travels in Italy with Dante

* "Greek Lands and Letters." By Francis Greenleaf Allinson and Anne C. E. Allinson. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

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in one's pocket, in Spain with Don Quixote, but few books have so far resulted from this method. Yet it is the only way to travel, as it is the only way to read. No better stimulus and interpreter could be recommended to any one intending to go on pilgrimage in Greece—for such the volume was primarily designed. But those who have been already in Greece with or without their Teubner texts will linger contentedly over this night at Delphi, this morning at Eleusis, this journey up into Arcadia. And a native Greek, if he knows our language as well as his own, will be apt to pronounce that the descriptive parts are as fine as the critical and almost—never, indeed, quite—adequate to the beauty of Greece to-day. The translations are easy and often happy, and the mingling of paraphrase and comment very deft. Where, for instance, at Sparta "Helen comes in like Artemis of the golden arrows, and her willing servants bring her a carved chair covered with a rug of soft wool, and sitting there, her white hands busied with the deep blue wool wound about her golden distaff, and with the dressed yarn heaped in her silver basket that runs on little wheels and is rimmed with gold, she talks to them of what happened once in Troy, and of Odysseus of the hardy heart and, quite easily, of how she had wanted to come home again to her own country and her child and her lord, 'who was lacking in nought, nor wisdom, nor beauty of manhood.'" And again a phrase seems born of the place: "On this field the only trophy was the one erected by the defeated to the dead." That was Chæronæa, of course.

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